

# WALT DISNEY'S

VOL. IV NO. 3

## MAGAZINE

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In this issue:

**SUCCESS STORY:**

**Roberta Shore**

see page 4

A woman with brown hair, smiling, is sitting on a wooden director's chair. She is wearing a light-colored, long-sleeved dress with a yellow flower pinned to the bodice. A large, fluffy white dog is sitting next to her, leaning over the back of the chair. The dog's tongue is out. The chair has a black fabric back with white text. The background is a solid green color.

SHAGGY

ROBERTA SHORE

IT'S A DOG'S LIFE? see page 13

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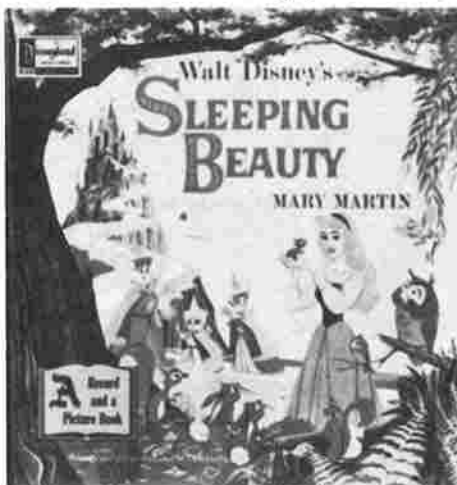
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Dear Readers,

Our editors have had a busy time these last months, judging the photos submitted in our snapshot contest. There were so many fine entries that we've awarded two sets of prizes. Nine winners had their snapshots published in February, and nine more appear in this issue together with the list of those contestants receiving honorable mention. We like contests, and we expect to have more of them. On page 13 of this issue, prizes are offered for good captions to a cartoon. If you have a flair for humor, you'll want to try your hand at this contest.

Also in this issue is an article many of our readers have requested—the story of Roberta Shore, who does such a fine job in our film *The Shaggy Dog*. There is also an interview with Shaggy himself. And we think you'll enjoy the new Zorro mystery on page 20. It's adapted from the TV film in which Annette Funicello enacts the part of a Spanish girl named Anita.

Your friend,

Walt Disney

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# WALT DISNEY'S MAGAZINE

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On our cover, Roberta Shore and Shaggy the Dog pose for photographer Roger Davidson. Mr. Davidson also took the photo of Shaggy and Roberta which appears on page 6, the photo of Zorro on page 20 and the pictures on pages 32 and 33. The photos of White Sands are by Art Riley (page 26, top) and William Belknap, Rapho Guillumette (page 26, bottom, page 27). Photo on page 38 is by James Reed.

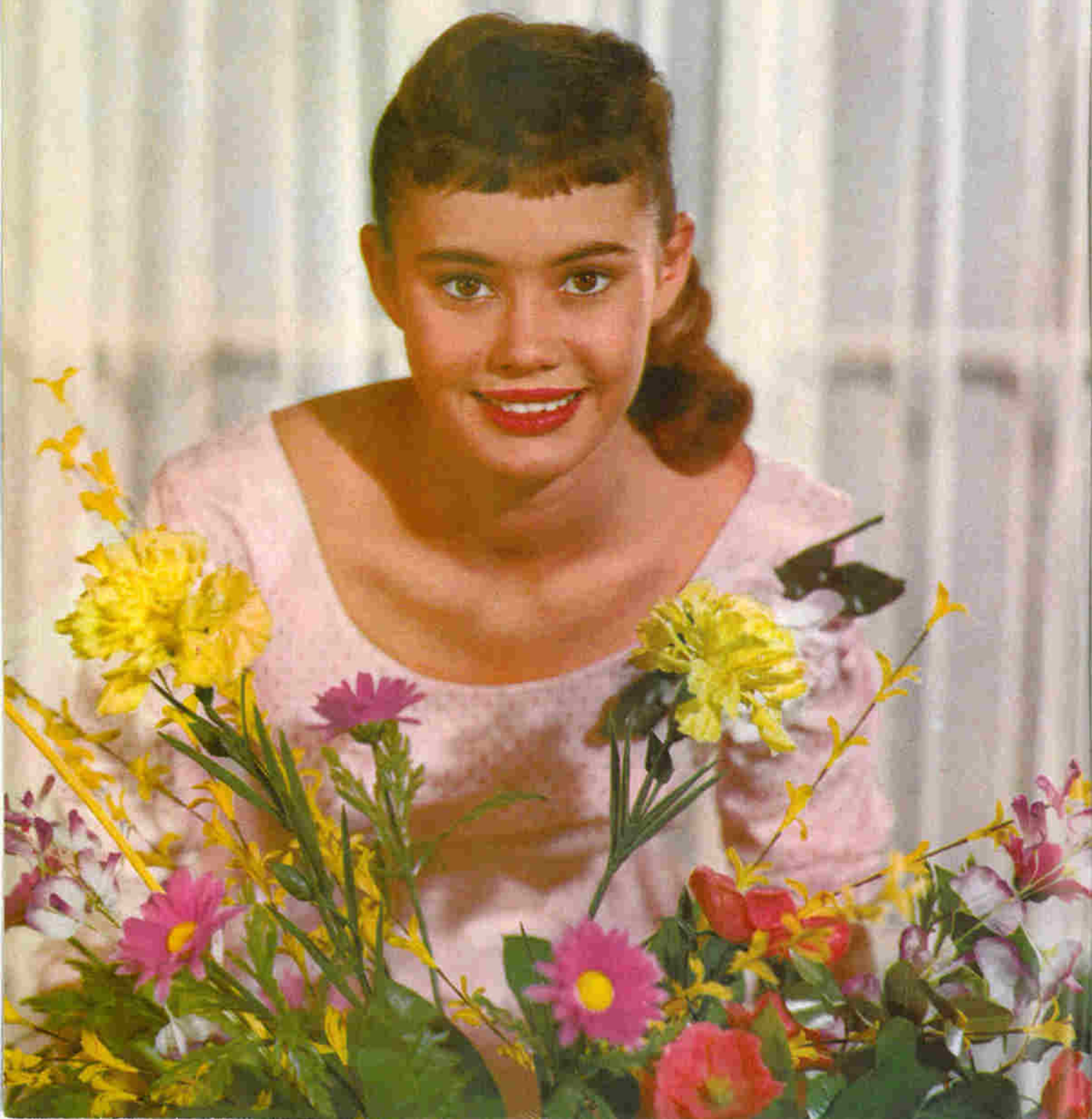
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roberta shore:





# success story

Roberta Shore got her start in show business when she was ten years old. Her family agrees that her first appearance was at the "grand opening" of a supermarket, but they disagree on the location.

"It was down the street," her father says.

"It was in Monterey Park," her sister states.

"It was in Whittier," her mother insists.

But the exact geography doesn't really matter. The important thing is that young Roberta, with her brown bangs in front and her pigtails in back, stood before a crowd and sang *Won't You Ride In My Little Red Wagon*, much to the delight of everyone present.

That little red wagon started her riding the paths of show business, and Roberta hopes she won't stop till she's on the neon-lit street called Broadway. At sixteen, she has had more experience and training than most performers of twenty-six, and every day she's learning more and more.

The supermarket opening led to appearances on the Tex Williams show, a local television program. A year and a half after Roberta joined Tex Williams, Molly Bee left the cast of Pinky Lee's nationwide TV show. Molly thought Roberta should replace her, and phoned all over town trying to find Roberta and urge her to audition. Roberta tried out, and ten minutes later she had the part of "Suzabell," Pinky's ever-ready assistant. She worked eighteen months, going to Hollywood Professional School in the morning and appearing on the half-hour show in the afternoon. "All through the show," she wistfully recalls, "my ambition was to get a pie thrown in my face, but Pinky wouldn't do it." The training under Lee was invaluable, and from there she went on to parts in TV's biggest dramatic programs.

There was a Playhouse 90 with Eddie Cantor, a Studio One with Jack Carson and Joan Blondell, a couple of Matinee Theaters, several Mickey Mouse Club stints, the *Annette* serial, *Father Knows Best* and, currently, a featured role in the full-length Walt Disney motion picture, *The Shaggy Dog*.

Roberta's full name is Roberta Jymme (pronounced Jimmie), but when she first appeared in public she used Jymme, having always preferred to go simply by her middle name. It was Jymme when she appeared in the TV serial *Annette*, but now, and for her acting career hereafter, it will be Roberta.

Roberta agrees that there's no substitute for experience, and in her early days as an entertainer she helped



open many a Southern California supermarket. Recently, she has been appearing on U.S.O. and benefit shows. Dressed in a semi-formal with full skirt and carrying an electric guitar, she sings such songs as *You Need Hands* and *I'll Wait For You*. She also does several yodeling numbers. She learned to yodel from her mother and intends to study until she can yodel really well, which is no easy chore.

None of this activity seems to interfere with Roberta's normal school and home life. She lives in San Gabriel, in a house her family bought soon after she was born. In addition to her mother and father, the family consists of an older sister, Madeline, a younger brother, Stan, a smoky-grey Angora cat, Cindy, and a little parakeet named Petey, who says "Mickey Mouse" and "Gimme a kiss."

In the eighth grade, between TV shows, Roberta played left field on the girls' baseball team and hit three





*Roberta, who enjoys many sports, used to play on a girls' baseball team. Now she prefers bowling and riding.*



*Roberta loved her role in "The Shaggy Dog." She had to speak French and wear elegant, sophisticated clothes.*

home runs. Now she attends San Gabriel High School, where she takes English, geometry, second year French, health and safety, gym and study hall. Her weekends are taken up with dates, bowling, riding and church socials. She and her family are devout Mormons. Most of the boys she dates she has met either at school or at the church. In a boy, Roberta looks first for good personality, then for a boy who is not moody, and third for good manners. Her father looks for a boy who will bring Roberta home by midnight. On dates she likes to dance or go to movies. She loves music, so much so that even her favorite television shows are musicals.

She's an ardent Dick Clark fan, but she also digs Perry Como, Steve Allen, Dinah Shore and sometimes Alfred Hitchcock. Best-liked movie stars include Tony Curtis and Andy Griffith, and favorite actresses are Doris Day and Debbie Reynolds. "Doris Day's so neat, and Debbie's just darling," she says. She has appeared with Debbie in shows at the Veterans Administration Hospital.

Next to music, Roberta's favorite subject is clothing. At home her tastes run to full skirts and flats, and her "perfect day" would be spent in Paris so she could see all the latest French fashions. Possibly the thing about Disney's *The Shaggy Dog* that impressed Roberta most was the wardrobe she used in the picture. The studio supplied everything down to nylons, including some ultra-sophisticated clothes. Her favorites were a light green Jersey sheath and an evening gown of flame-colored lace over silver lamé.

On one Matinee Theater she played the girl friend of Tommy Kirk, one of the stars of *The Shaggy Dog*. Afterwards she dated Tommy. On their first date, before Tommy had a driver's license, she agreed to meet him on Vine Street in Hollywood to go to a show. Roberta's home in San Gabriel is about 25 miles from Vine Street,

so Roberta's parents drove her to Hollywood, where she met Tommy. Her mother and father then returned home to San Gabriel while Roberta and Tommy went to a movie. When the folks arrived back in Hollywood to pick up their daughter, they found that Tommy planned to take a bus back to his home in Pacoima. Being real nice people, they decided to drive Tommy home. The trip took them 15 miles due north, then, on an angle, 30 miles home to San Gabriel. All in all, a mere 120-mile date!

But don't get the idea that Roberta's time is all taken up working or dating. Roberta's mother says with pride that her daughter is a real help in the kitchen, and she adds, "She's a good little cook." The last time Roberta prepared dinner, the menu was composed of (in her words): "Chicken fried steak and rolls. And parsnips that were terrible—I didn't cook them long enough. And potatoes. No dessert—I don't like to make desserts very well."

Her extra special favorite dinner consists of *tacos*, a Mexican dish made of tortillas wrapped around ground beef, tomatoes, lettuce, cheese, onions and a hot sauce that would melt an iceberg. However, Roberta prefers her tacos without onions. She likes to finish off this flaming meal with jello and banana salad, string beans and, for dessert, cream puffs and watermelon.

Roberta's ambition is to do musical comedy, and she wants to stay in show business until she gets married. "The best time for getting married," she says, "is about twenty-three." After high school she plans to attend Brigham Young University in Utah, then upward and onward to the musical comedy stage. And at the rate she is going, Broadway could easily have a new star in a few years.



*A firm believer in exercise, Roberta does 1,000 scissor kicks a night, sometimes while chatting on the phone. Below, she joins her mother, sister Madeline and brother Stan in a family jam session. Bottom left, she tries out a pair of bongo drums and, bottom right, takes care of her fan mail.*





# THE EMPEROR'S ELEPHANT

by John E. Keller

Channa's heart beat with excitement as the great ship touched the dock of Marseilles. The long sea voyage from Acre was over. He could not see the port as the ship came in, for he was deep in the hold with Abu-Lubabah, but he could feel the shock as the wooden hull scraped the stonework. Abu-Lubabah could feel it also, and from his mighty chest came a deep and frightening rumble. Channa could see his long black trunk lifted as he tried to test the air. The great ears were pitched forward like gray sails and the two curves of his long tusks were two long white arcs in the darkness.

"Be calm, Father of Wisdom," Channa crooned softly and with great affection. "Soon you will meet your new master."

Abu-Lubabah shifted from one foot to another and gave vent to a long and piercing trumpet. On deck there was an instant silence as men stood still to listen to a sound they had never heard before.

"Peace, Abu-Lubabah!" Channa commanded. "If you grow angry now, I shall have to wrap your tusks in canvas and lead you with the elephant goad you hate so much. Go peacefully to meet your new owner, King Charlemagne. The great Caliph Haroun Al-Raschid sent you to please the French king, not to anger or frighten him."

Abu-Lubabah seemed to understand. His snake-like trunk sought and found Channa's face in a strange caress. Then he lifted the boy to his head. A moment later the side of the ship opened, and the bright light of day flooded into the hold. Channa held his breath to keep from trem-



Illustrated by BERNIE WOLF





deal to ask of a simple *mahout*. But the Caliph had commanded it, and no one ever said no to the mighty Haroun.

Channa arranged the crimson and gold robe over Abu-Lubabah's huge back and gave the command to move. Abu-Lubabah lifted first one tree-like leg and then another to test the dock before trusting his weight to it. As he emerged from the ship, cries of terror and astonishment rose from the people crowding the dock, and there was a rush to reach the safety of the houses lining the harbor. Again Abu-Lubabah trumpeted, and the running people fell over one another in their mad flight.

At last a nervous, pale official made his way toward Channa and the elephant. In his hand was a parchment role from which dangled seals and colored ribbons. As he drew near, his steps became shorter, and Channa saw that the man was so frightened that he was about to collapse.

"Fear not," said Channa, in his strangely accented French. "The Father of Wisdom wishes you no harm, Oh King of the Western World."

Some of the man's color returned. "I am not the Emperor Charles," he said. "I am his messenger. I am to take you to Paris."

As they moved away together, a strange dark man slunk down the gangplank and scuttled into the dark door of a warehouse. A strong wind blowing from the land drove his scent away from the elephant, and it was well for the man that this was so. He was a Saracen, sent by the enemies of the Emperor to assassinate him. He waited until he was certain that the elephant and the Hindu boy had left the harbor area. Then he came from the warehouse and shook his fist in the direction they had taken.

"But for the cursed beast," he muttered to himself, "I would have changed places with the boy, reached the Emperor and put an end to him."

He had almost succeeded, he recalled with rage. He had sneaked into the ship's hold, found Channa

great men. Tell him that his name means 'Lord of Wisdom.'"

Channa had gone gladly, for Abu-Lubabah was his life and love.

Channa's eyes accustomed themselves to the fierce June daylight. He swallowed and looked nervously at the elephant. France was a strange land, a place on the western fringe of the earth. He hoped that the lessons in French and the practice he had had in the school of Haroun Al-Raschid would be enough. His tongue felt like a piece of lead in his mouth. His knees trembled. It was a great

bling. Now was the time to do what he had come to do. The words of the Caliph still rang in his ears:

"You, Channa, are my trusted messenger to my friend, the King of the West, the Emperor Charles, whom men call Charles the Great. You alone can control Abu-Lubabah; you alone the great beast loves and trusts. Therefore you must accompany him to France. Tell the Emperor that Abu-Lubabah is a beast fit to serve



asleep and raised a knife to stab the boy. Then something long and black and serpentine had come wriggling out of a mountain of straw. It had seized his foot and had flung him almost the full length of the hold. Only the fact that he had landed upon another pile of straw had saved his life. He had managed to make his way to the deck before Channa could identify him. Now, since he could not take Channa's place with Abu-Lubabah, he would have to try some other plan. Again he shook his fist at the street up which the elephant had disappeared.

The Emperor's messenger led Channa and Abu-Lubabah over the pleasant summer roads of France. For days they traveled northward toward Charlemagne's capital. They could travel no faster than the elephant could walk, and although his strides were long, his pace was not rapid and he rested often.

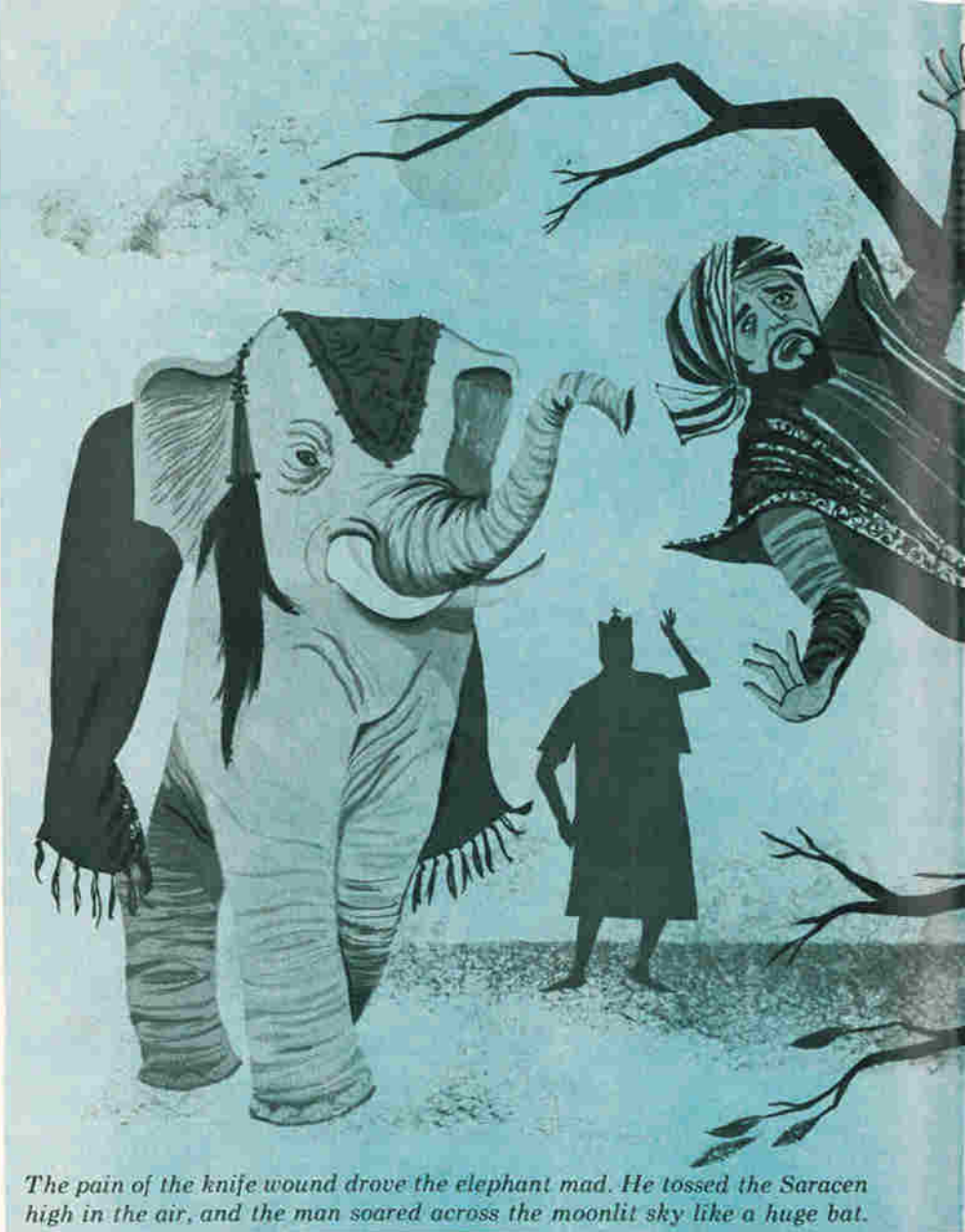
News of his coming spread across the countryside like fire driven by a strong wind. Peasants and nobility alike came to the road to look, to cry out in fear, and to back away crossing themselves.

Channa, high on the great head, felt as proud as the Caliph himself, and perhaps as lonely. The French were kind enough to him. They sent him food. But they did no more. Perhaps it is because they fear Abu-Lubabah, Channa thought, and he hoped that in Paris things would be different. For a fourteen-year-old boy, a strange land with no friends his own age can be a sad and lonely place indeed.

But it was no better in Paris. The Emperor smiled and nodded his great blond head as Channa presented the Caliph's message.

"The Caliph shall be thanked, my boy," he said. "And you will be housed here near the royal stables and will take your meals in my own dining hall. I hope you will like my city and its people. And you will travel when I travel, for it is no more than right to show my subjects my Abu-Lubabah."

"The Emperor is a kind man," Channa told Abu-Lubabah, "but he



*The pain of the knife wound drove the elephant mad. He tossed the Saracen high in the air, and the man soared across the moonlit sky like a huge bat.*

does not understand our loneliness. You, Father of Wisdom, are my only friend."

Channa, at the Emperor's command, took Abu-Lubabah to the meadows outside the city wall. There, in the warm sunlight, they passed long afternoons of peace and contentment. The boy would stretch out on the elephant's great back, and while Abu-Lubabah swayed gently back and forth, ears peacefully fanning the air, he would talk to him of their life together, of far-off Bombay where he had been born, of their long journey to France.

"We need no other friends, Oh Father of Wisdom," said Channa, and Abu-Lubabah seemed to agree

with the boy in his own silent fashion.

Then, one day, as they were returning from the fields, something happened to end the pleasant afternoons. Channa, walking at the elephant's side, looked at a window and saw an ugly, dark face peering out at him. It was an evil face, the eyes shifty and full of hate and anger. Channa wondered why the man looked at him so hatefully. He opened his mouth to ask, but before he could speak, a shrill trumpet burst upon the air. The long trunk of Abu-Lubabah reached through the window. The man flung himself backward, crawled across the floor to avoid the questing trunk, and ran screaming down a narrow staircase.





the center of a courtyard testing the chains that bound his feet to iron pegs set in the stone. His trumpet reached deep into the palace, where the boy and the old ruler were talking earnestly.

"What shall we do with Abu-Lubabah?" asked Charlemagne. "We cannot have him roaming free if he is going to destroy houses and frighten people. Suppose he killed someone?"

"Perhaps, Sire," said Channa hopefully, "perhaps you could send us back to the Caliph."

The emperor smiled. "Would you like that, my boy? I venture to say that you would, and so would the elephant. But a gift cannot be returned without offense to the giver. The Caliph is my good friend and I would not hurt him for the world. No, I cannot send you back to Baghdad. There must be another way."

"Perhaps," said one of the emperor's advisers, "it would be best to put the beast to death."

In an instant Channa was at Charlemagne's feet, clasping them and crying, "Do not slay Abu-Lubabah, Sire. Let me take him and seek some jungle where he will live at peace."

"In France there are no jungles, Channa," said the Emperor gravely. "Go back now to the elephant and calm his trumpeting. What is to be done will be decided within the week."

But before the week was out, the Emperor announced that he would travel to Orleans for a fair. He decided to take the elephant, and Channa assured him that Abu-Lubabah was gentle and would cause no more trouble.

"We shall see," said the Emperor. "But make the animal know that his behavior will be watched. What he does on this excursion will decide what is to become of him."

The Emperor's entire family and household traveled with him. Hundreds of servants and knights and men-at-arms rode as escort. And hundreds of merchants and travelers assembled to accompany the Emperor and his retinue. There was no

safer way to travel than with the Emperor's party, and therefore it was a vast throng that marched out of the gates of Paris. No one thought it strange that at the end of the procession a lean, dark Saracen rode a mule loaded with rugs.

But Abu-Lubabah kept sniffing the air and from time to time a weird sound, like the crinkling of sheets of tin, came from his trunk.

"What ails him?" asked the Emperor nervously. "Perhaps I should send you back with him to the city. Think what damage he could do here in the open if he became fractious."

Channa saw in the actions of Abu-Lubabah something that made him uneasy, but he spoke to the Emperor and tried to calm his doubts.

"Sire," he said, "it is nothing but his excitement at being out of the city. He will give us no trouble. The Caliph trusted me, and I beg you to trust me, too."

So Abu-Lubabah was allowed to travel with the king's retinue and Channa could see that underneath Charlemagne's anxiety there was great pride at being the owner of so rare and magnificent a creature as Abu-Lubabah.

On the evening of the second day, the Emperor gave orders for a camp in an open field at the edge of a forest. Tents went up as if by magic.



soldiers hobbled horses, and the Emperor and his family sat in the light of blazing log fires and ate their supper. In the night sky, thousands of stars twinkled.

"The whole world is at peace," said Channa. "But what ails thee, Oh Father of Wisdom?"

Abu-Lubabah grumbled and tested the air with his trunk. But at last even he lay still in sleep.

An hour later, only two figures stirred. One was the Emperor, quietly making the rounds of the camp. He had done it often in times of war, and now in his old age and in a time of peace it pleased him to do it again.

"Stop, Father of Wisdom," cried Channa. But the elephant, eyes red with fury and hate, placed his head against the front of the house and pushed. Amid a groaning of timbers and a grinding of stone, the wall fell inward. People screamed. Soldiers appeared suddenly from everywhere. Abu-Lubabah raised his trunk and trumpeted. His tusks swept in wide arcs from side to side. In a second he would have charged.

Then Channa stepped in front of him, put both his arms around the nervous trunk, and with a soothing voice spoke to his friend until the red gleam faded from his little eyes.

Later that day, the Emperor sent for Channa. Abu-Lubabah stood in



He liked the smells and sounds of a camp—the smoke rising from dying campfires, the leather of saddles, the soft night noises horses make and the music of the nightingales in the forest. He walked slowly and finally reached the part of the camp nearest the forest. It was then that the second figure appeared.

It was the Saracen. His feet made no sound as they glided over the thick carpet of lush, green grass. Past sleeping soldiers and horses he went, gaining slowly on the figure of Charlemagne, and the blade of a curved dagger gleamed against his black robe!

Then a third shape moved across the sleeping camp. This was a larger patch of darkness, but it moved with a light tread, like a cat. It stepped soundlessly over sleeping men, and beneath its huge feet the grass lay flat and crushed. Nothing on earth can move as silently as a bull elephant when he wishes to. Even Channa had not heard Abu-Lubabah rise and move away, and of course, Channa, because he was human, had not been awakened by the scent of

the Saracen on the night breeze.

The Emperor walked to the very edge of the forest. Somewhere in the dark trees a nightingale burst into song. The Emperor turned back to the camp. Instantly he realized his danger. He had no weapon, but the dark form running toward him carried a flashing blade.

Loud and desperate, the voice of Charlemagne rose on the night air. "To me! To me!" he cried.

As sleepy soldiers stumbled from their blankets and groped for torches, the Saracen lifted his blade.

"Die, slayer of the Faithful!" he screamed.

But his scream changed suddenly from anger to fear. Abu-Lubabah was upon him. The Saracen struck at the writhing trunk. His knife buried itself once. Then he was lifted high and tossed.

Perhaps it was the pain of the knife wound that saved the Saracen. Abu-Lubabah would have tossed him first and then would have knelt upon him or gored him with his tusks, but the pain of the knife wound drove the elephant mad. The toss was long,

and behind it were the hundreds of muscles of Abu-Lubabah's trunk. Charlemagne saw the Saracen soar across the moonlit sky like a huge bat, his robe fluttering. He came to rest high in a great oak tree, where he clung screaming.

Without so much as a look at the astonished Emperor, Abu-Lubabah made for the tree and placed his head against it. But the oak held firm.

When Channa reached the scene, he found Abu-Lubabah surrounded by soldiers with bent bows and leveled lances. Channa pressed frantically against the legs of the elephant and tried to quiet him. He wiped the blood from the angry trunk and crooned to his friend. If some soldier drove an arrow or a lance into Abu-Lubabah, Channa knew that many men would die.

Then the Emperor's voice rang out loud and clear. Lances and bows vanished. Channa, his legs weak as water, led the elephant away.

As he tended Abu-Lubabah's wound, Channa was disturbed by footsteps. A tall form stalked out of the shadows, and Channa saw that it was the Emperor.

"Abu-Lubabah," said Charlemagne, "thou art indeed the Father of Wisdom. And thou, boy, art the interpreter of this wisdom."

Channa's heart pounded. "Then you have come to a decision about the fate of Abu-Lubabah?" he asked.

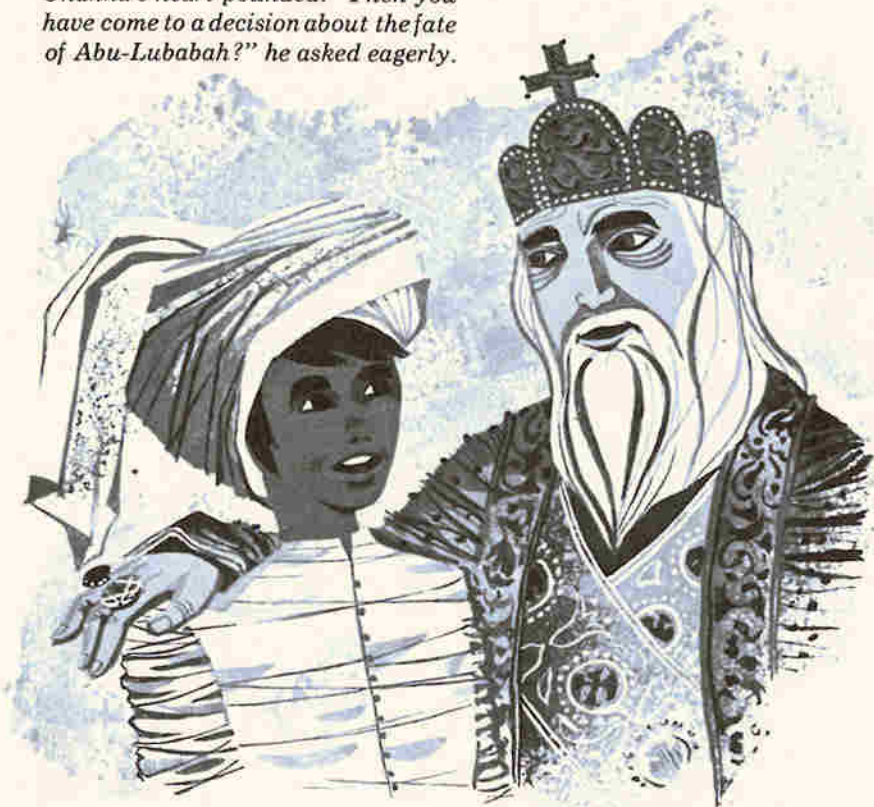
The Emperor smiled and held out his hand. Channa took the tip of the elephant's trunk and laid it on the outstretched palm. Abu-Lubabah did not grumble.

"He is your servant, Sire," whispered Channa. "And so am I."

"My servants?" said the Emperor slowly. "You are wrong, Channa. You and Abu-Lubabah are not my servants. You are my faithful friends. You will always live at my side."

When Charlemagne had gone, Channa hugged the trunk of Abu-Lubabah. The Caliph's gift would not be harmed. Channa and Abu-Lubabah were no longer friendless and alone in a strange land. They were now part of the Kingdom of France.

*Channa's heart pounded. "Then you have come to a decision about the fate of Abu-Lubabah?" he asked eagerly.*







## LAUGH TIME...

Mary had a little lamb,  
Given her to keep.  
It followed her around until  
It died from lack of sleep.

—From Dottie Meyer  
Pittsburgh, Penn.

Bill: I've just been out riding.  
Friend: Horseback?  
Bill: Yes. He got back two hours  
before I did.

—From Elaine Carroll  
Elizabeth, N.J.

Mother: Wake up! The birds were  
up long ago.

Jimmy: Well, If I had to sleep in a  
nest of straw and sticks, I'd be  
up early, too.

—From Judy Cervinski  
Mansfield, Ohio

"Is this hair tonic any good?" the  
slightly bald man asked.

"Is it good?" said the salesman.  
"Why only last week I spilled some  
on my comb and now it's a brush!"

—From Darrell Kimbrell  
Hamilton, Ohio.

Joe: How do you make a satellite?

Moe: Get off the horse.

—From Kathy Jirka  
Fairview Park, Ohio

What steps would you take if you  
saw a dangerous lion?

Long ones!

—From Marsha Wyatt  
San Jose, Calif.

If you have a favorite joke you'd like to share  
with the readers of Walt Disney's Magazine, why  
not send it to us? We will pay \$2 for each joke  
we accept and publish in the magazine.

—The Editors.

## WHAT'S SHE SAYING?

*A new contest for readers of Walt Disney's Magazine*

The life of a cartoonist is not an easy one. For example,  
here is a very fine cartoon, but no one can think of a  
funny caption for it. What is little Louise saying to her  
mother? You can bet it's something about that bathtub  
—but what?

Can you supply a good caption for this cartoon? If you  
think you can, you'd better enter our "What's She Say-  
ing?" contest. A cash prize of \$10 will be awarded for the  
funniest caption submitted. \$5 will be given to the reader  
who sends us the second funniest caption, and \$2 to the  
author of the third funniest. Here are the contest rules:

1. All entries must be sent in on a postcard addressed to:

**Contest Editor  
Walt Disney's Magazine  
500 South Buena Vista Street  
Burbank, California**

2. Each entry must include the name, address and age of the contestant.

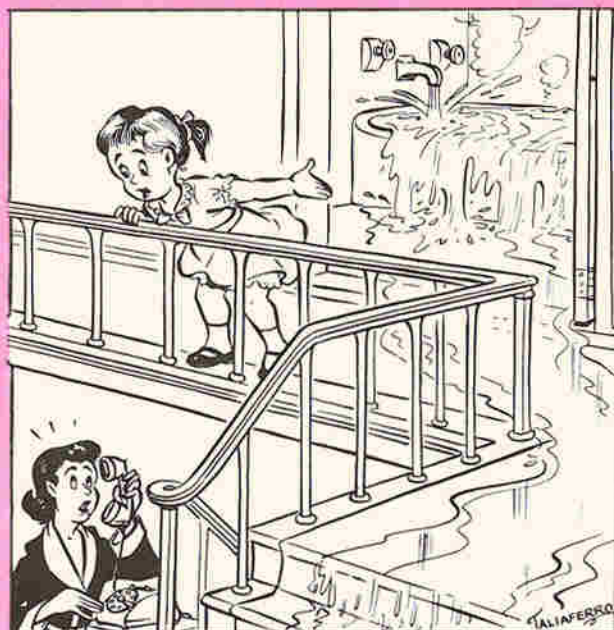
3. A contestant may enter as many captions as he likes.

4. All entries become the property of Walt Disney's Magazine and none  
can be returned or acknowledged.

5. All entries must be received or postmarked not later than midnight,  
May 31, 1959.

6. Winning captions will be published in an early issue of Walt Disney's  
Magazine.

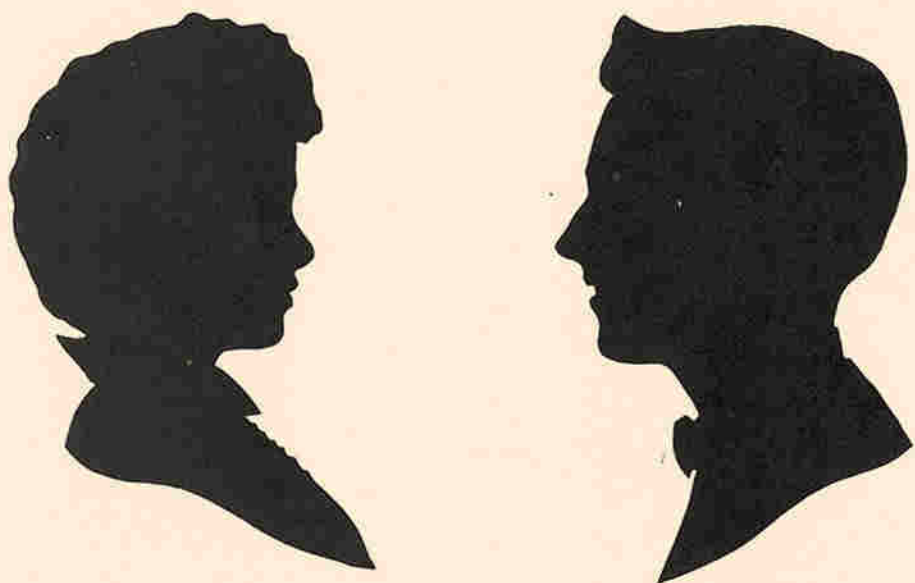
7. This contest is open to all readers of Walt Disney's Magazine except  
employees of Walt Disney Productions and of Western Printing and  
Lithographing Company and their families.



????????????????

8. Contest is subject to all Federal, state and local regulations.

9. The decision of the judges of this contest will be final. In case of ties,  
duplicate prizes will be awarded.



## SILHOUETTES

*by Dick Huemer*

They say that the Greeks had a word for everything. And they did, for almost everything. But they failed to come up with a word for silhouettes, even though they claim to have been the first to create these black opaque profile portraits. Actually, the Greeks didn't originate silhouettes at all. Like so many human activities, there's little doubt that the idea first occurred to our caveman forebears. Mysterious silhouettes of human hands are found again and again on the walls of caves in which primitive peoples lived many thousands of years ago. These cave decorations were undoubtedly made by placing a hand upon a wall and blowing dark powdered pigment around it to leave a lighter impression. This is considered to be the very oldest form of human artistic expression. When we look at these silhouettes, we thrill to think that a human hand was actually laid upon the wall to leave us a personal souvenir of long, long ago.

But to get back to the ancient Greeks—according to their mythology, Corinthea, the daughter of a pottery





*Silhouettes have been popular for hundreds of years. At left are two very up to date silhouettes, portraits of Mouseketeers Annette Funicello and Tommy Cole.*

maker named Dibutades, found that she was on the verge of losing her sweetheart. She thought she could hold him by getting him to pose for her while she drew an outline around the shadow of his profile on a wall. The myth does not explain how this was supposed to do the trick, but it is comforting to know that Corinthea had a silhouette of her wandering lover to console her while she looked around for another boy friend.

Perhaps from an artistic standpoint, the silhouette figures which Greek artists painted around their jars and urns are the most beautiful examples of this art ever done. Again we find ourselves in intimate contact with a long-vanished people when we gaze on these silhouette-decorated urns, for we see, depicted in life-like fashion, all manner of scenes from their daily lives. These range from domestic activities to romantic idylls and imposing panoramas of war and the chase.

Now, how did silhouettes become known as silhouettes, since the Greeks didn't have a word for them? Briefly, this is the story. A certain king of France, Louis XV, was a very lavish spender. As a matter of fact, his extravagant ways helped bring about the French Revolution. When King Louis appointed a financial expert to serve as his Minister of Finance, this individual was appalled at the recklessness with which the state's funds were being

squandered. He immediately put into effect drastic reforms in the treasury and in tax collections. These reforms cut seriously into the purses of hangers-on in the French court and other plunderers of government funds. Naturally these people held the minister in great contempt and sneeringly called him a miser and a skinflint.

Are you wondering what this had to do with the naming of silhouettes? Just this. The art of cutting out or drawing silhouette portraits was becoming very popular in Europe at that time. To have an oil or water color miniature portrait made was very expensive, but the simple little silhouettes could be had fairly cheaply. Certainly not to show contempt for these charming little black profile portraits, but simply to indicate how a portrait could be made in the very cheapest way, they began to be known as "silhouettes." Yes, as you've probably already guessed, the name of the tight-fisted finance minister was Monsieur Silhouette—Monsieur Etienne de Silhouette. To make the story complete, poor Monsieur Silhouette, who didn't last very long in his treasury job, turned to making cut-out portraits. The few samples we have of his work are quite good—for a financial expert, anyway.

The method of producing a life-sized portrait in the commercial silhouette studios of this period did not vary

*The first silhouettes were simple outlines of hands, used as decoration on the walls of caves. These crude*

*cave paintings are very different from the beautiful decorations of Greek vases, yet both are silhouettes.*





*(Above) During the 19th century, whole families were delighted to pose for portraits by the silhouette maker.*

*(Below) Tommy Kirk makes a silhouette of Moochie by outlining Moochie's shadow, then filling in the outline.*





much in principle from the method the lovelorn Greek maiden used to capture the likeness of her sweetheart. An outline was still drawn around the shadow of a human model, only by now a regular chair rigged up with a candle and an attached drawing surface made the whole procedure a lot more accurate and comfortable for all concerned.

Silhouettes retained their vogue for a long time. They were at the height of their popularity around the beginning of the 19th century. Many famous men and women were proud to have their silhouettes cut in black paper. There still exist excellent profiles of George Washington and his wife Martha, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson and Napoleon Bonaparte.

However, the art of the silhouette waned toward the middle of the last century, no doubt because of the invention and perfection of photography. Still it was always kept alive by talented amateurs. Hans Christian Andersen, the great teller of fairy stories, was one. As might be expected, his silhouettes show his characteristic whimsy and imagination. Even today, in fairs and carnivals all over the world, and in the little Silhouette Shop in Disneyland, the flicking scissors of silhouette cutters are still busily snipping away.

The portrait a silhouette artist clips while you wait is, of course, a small one, and takes quite a great deal of skill. But you can still make good silhouettes the way Corinthea did. Try it. First, tack a square of paper on a



*You'll recognize the three silhouette portraits above as Karen Pendleton, Jimmie Dodd and Darlene Gillespie.*

wall and arrange an electric light so that the shadow of your model is thrown upon the paper. Then beg, threaten or coax the model not to move a muscle, and off you go. With a crayon or pencil simply trace the outline of the shadow head, then fill it in at your leisure with crayon or ink. You needn't fill it in with black. Any color that suits your fancy will do.

At a Mouseketeer get-together recently, the kids thought it would be fun to draw life-sized shadowgraphs of each other. Some of the results are shown on this page. They are easily recognizable and will be a wonderful remembrance of the time when these young performers were all together on the Mickey Mouse Club TV show. You can have a souvenir by which to remember your pals, too. All you need is a light, a piece of paper to draw on (preferably placed against a wall) and a model.



# IT'S A DOG'S LIFE?

*Shaggy, who plays a leading role in  
the new motion picture, THE SHAGGY DOG,  
reveals what it takes to be a star.*

**T**hey tell me I'm a star! A dog star, of course. Want to hear about it? There's lots of work to being a star, and lots of fun, too. But let us start at the beginning—

I was born in Denver, two years ago. I am registered with the American Kennel Club. My registered name is Lillibrad's Sammy's Shadow—but you can call me "Shaggy" for short. The most important thing about my birth date is that it is so near to Annette's that we had our last birthday cake together on the stage set where we were working in the picture, *The Shaggy Dog*. Tommy Kirk gave me a sausage, too. It was delicious.

I've got a good home, with a big fenced-in yard. When I'm at the studio I have an air-conditioned place to rest in, between scenes. Some of the stunts aren't easy, but I have lots of patience with humans. For instance, I had to ride a collapsing ladder down seven times before we were lucky enough for it to fall just right for the camera. But we kept at it, and the scene turned out fine, and everyone was really happy.



*Moochie (Kevin Corcoran) and I are always ready  
for a quick morning spin around the studio lot.*





*One of the times I borrowed Tim Considine's car, I got a ticket from an officer.*

*I really don't need specs;  
I wore them just for fun.*



I've learned lots of lessons about life. It pays to be a diplomat. I know how to talk a dog out of a fight. I get along with horses, chickens, yes, even cats. My best friend is an old Irish setter, but I like almost everybody. Even so, I'm a good watchdog, because I can spot a phony character in a second, whether he has four feet or two.

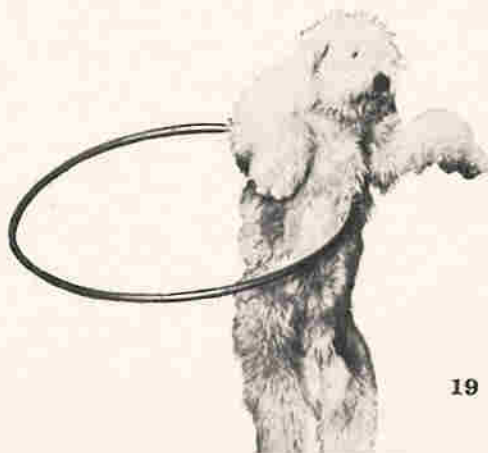
My real schooling was a ten-weeks course in Novice Obedience at the Cadence Kennel, in Ontario, California. I learned what my trainer calls basic motivations, such as retrieving, coming at various speeds, barking, picking up objects and such. After that it was easy for me to follow directions for acting in the movies. It just takes know-how, patience, good nature, endurance, courage, perserverence and, oh, yes, personality. Only, watch out for too many pats on the head — they'll make a fellow's hair thin on top! So it's a dog's life? Well, it's a good one — and I love it!



*Want a ride on  
my handlebars?*



*A checker game with Moochie —  
and a hula hoop for exercise.*





Rafael Gonzales was puzzled. In all his years as stablemaster in Los Angeles, he had never seen anything like it. He shook his head disapprovingly as he lifted the mail sacks from the San Pedro coach. Such a pretty *senorita*, he thought, and so young! But to travel alone, without even a *duenna* to protect her!

Meanwhile, the object of his disapproval stood in the plaza next to the coach and eagerly looked about her. If she was aware of Gonzales' curious glances, she gave no sign of it. She seemed completely at ease, not at all disturbed by the fact that no one had met her.

Suddenly she stepped forward and accosted Gonzales. "Senor," she said, in a low, sweet voice, "could you tell me where I might rent a carriage?"

"Of course, *Senorita*!" The stablemaster politely removed his hat. "I own the stable just over there. Where do you wish to go?"

"To the Cabrillo hacienda."

Gonzales stared at the girl, bewildered. "Where did you say?"

"To the hacienda of Don Miguel Cabrillo, my father. I am Anita Cabrillo."

"Your pardon, *Senorita*," Gonzales said. "I have never heard of any Cabrillo hacienda."

"Where have you been?" The young *senorita* tossed her dark curls impatiently. "It is one of the finest haciendas in California!"

"I am sorry, *Senorita*."

"Someone must know where it is." Obviously annoyed, *Senorita* Cabrillo glanced around the plaza. Her eyes fell on two soldiers, an enormously fat sergeant and a thin, rather hangdog-looking corporal, who were approaching in the company of a handsome, elegant young don.

"Sergeant," Anita stepped forward. "Can you help me?"

"Of course, *Senorita*." The sergeant, who obviously appreciated a pretty girl as much as the next man, smiled genially. "Sergeant Demetrio Lopez Garcia, Acting Comandante of Los Angeles, at your service. And this is my friend, Don Diego."

Anita acknowledged the young man's bow, then turned back to Garcia. "Sergeant, will you tell this man how to get to the hacienda of Don Miguel Cabrillo?"

"Certainly, *Senorita*," Garcia waved a pudgy forefinger at the stablemaster and began, "Now Gonzales, you go to the ..."

He stopped, suddenly confused. "To where?"

"I have been trying to tell the *senorita* that there is no Cabrillo hacienda," Gonzales put in.

Exasperated, Anita appealed to Diego. "Surely you know where it is, *Senor*?"

"I am sorry," Diego replied gently, "This is a very small community. I am sure we would all know the Cabrillo hacienda if there was such a place."

For an instant a look of panic flashed across the girl's face and Diego felt a stir of pity. Then Garcia was talking in his bumbling, official way, telling the girl that as a visitor to Los Angeles there were certain papers to be

Part ... I

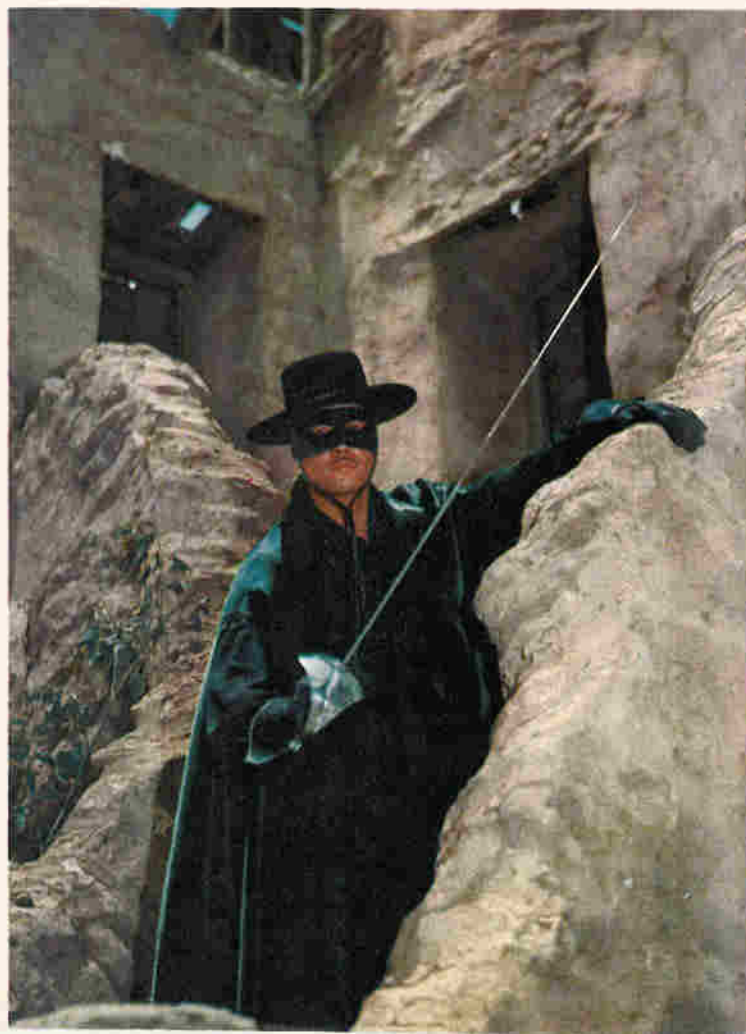
# ZORRO

and the  
missing father



*The little *senorita* told a*

*fantastic story. No one would believe her—  
no one but Zorro.*







filled out. If the *senorita* would just step this way, he would take care of it.

Too bewildered to protest, Anita let herself be led across the plaza and into the cuartel. Once in the commandante's office, she rather defiantly produced her papers—which stated that she was Anita Cecilia Isabella Cabrillo, daughter of Don Miguel Cabrillo of Los Angeles.

The sergeant's troubled face became even more unhappy when he saw the name on the papers, but he bravely took up his pen and consulted the official form on his desk. "Now then, *Senorita*," he began, "who will you be staying with while you are in Los Angeles?"

"My father," the girl said.

"Your father?" Garcia nodded and began to write, then stopped and stared reproachfully at the girl. "*Senorita*, I must tell you once more, your father does not live in Los Angeles."

"Yes, he does," she insisted.

"You talk to her, Don Diego, please." Completely confused, the sergeant appealed to Diego, who had been silently watching this exchange.

Diego gently questioned the girl, and she told him that when her mother died, twelve years before, her father had placed her in school in Spain and had come to California.

"Do you remember what your father looks like?" Diego asked.

"No... not exactly." Anita bit her lip. It was obvious

that she would not know her father if she met him face to face.

There was a short, awkward silence, then Garcia sighed ponderously. "I am sorry, *Senorita*. I cannot allow you to remain in Los Angeles. You must return to Spain, since you have no one here to... to be responsible for you."

"But she has, sergeant," Diego said softly.

"Si... my father?" Anita put in.

Diego hesitated. "Well, yes... and mine too. My father and I would be happy to have you as a guest." He smiled at Sergeant Garcia. "We will take the responsibility for the *senorita's* safety."

"But Don Diego—her papers permit her to visit her father, not to visit you and Don Alejandro?"

At this, Anita burst into tears.

Poor Garcia, who hated to see anyone unhappy, twisted his fat hands. "Please *Senorita*," he pleaded, "don't cry!"

Anita only wept more loudly.

"Don Diego," Garcia began tentatively, "perhaps..."

Anita sobbed still more wildly.

"... perhaps I should investigate the *senorita's* story a little more. She could stay with you until then!"

Anita's sobs stopped as suddenly as if a switch had been thrown.

"That is an excellent idea, sergeant," Diego commended him. "I'll go hire a carriage for the *senorita*."

\* \* \* \* \*

If Don Alejandro de la Vega disbelieved the story of his young guest, he gave no sign while she was present. Anita enjoyed a light supper in the sala of the de la Vega hacienda, under the watchful eyes of Diego, Don Alejandro and Bernardo, Diego's mute manservant. Then Cresencia, a motherly maid-servant, appeared to lead the young girl to bed.

"What do you think, Father?" Diego asked, as she disappeared.

"I don't know," Alejandro said slowly. "She tells a fantastic story. A poor little rich girl all alone in the world, looking for a father no one has ever heard of."

"Yet, if you watch her while she tells her story, you cannot doubt her. She believes it."

"I do not know, Diego," Alejandro replied. "I cannot be too sure." He rose and paced back and forth, and Diego could see that his father was worried—very much worried—by the presence of their mysterious young guest.

Suddenly, a shrill sound echoed and re-echoed through the house. It was the sound of a woman's scream.

"Anita!" cried Diego.

Followed closely by his father and Bernardo, Diego rushed to Anita's room. He burst in and saw Anita huddled near the bed. Cresencia was trying to calm her.

"There was someone at the window!" Anita cried, throwing herself into the protection of Don Alejandro's arms. "It was a man... at the window... he tried to grab me!"

Diego sprang to the window, but the garden outside was empty. "No one is here now," he assured the girl gently. "Did you see what the man looked like, Anita?"



"No, Diego, I didn't see his face."  
"Cresencia, did you recognize him?"

"I am sorry, Don Diego," the servant said. "I didn't see him."

Diego and his father exchanged a look over Anita's head. Don Alejandro's glance was skeptical. It plainly said, "Our little guest has an active imagination. She may turn out to be a problem."

\* \* \* \* \*

The next day, Diego and his father joined the worthy Sergeant Garcia in a search of the records of the pueblo. But there was no notation anywhere of the arrival of Don Miguel Cabrillo. Diego even questioned Gonzales, the stablemaster, who had handled all the mail to and from Los Angeles for many years. But he denied that he had ever seen any letters addressed to Anita's father.

"I think you must agree with me now, Diego," Don Alejandro said. "The girl is at least mistaken."

"Or she is being deceived," Diego replied thoughtfully. "I think it might be a sensible thing to watch her—for her own protection."

That night, when the de la Vega hacienda settled to rest, Diego changed to the black clothes of Zorro, the protector of the oppressed. Leaving the faithful Bernardo to keep watch inside the house, Zorro slipped out onto the balcony, and then up to the sloping roof of the hacienda. From this vantage point, he could see both the rear courtyard and the walled garden next to Anita's bedroom. Motionless, he crouched like a great, black shadow in the moonlight. Below him, the grounds were empty.

Suddenly a noise at the rear of the house made him tense. The stable door swung open and Anita appeared. Zorro gasped in astonishment. The girl was dressed in a riding habit and was leading a saddled horse. She crossed to the gate, swung it open, then mounted the horse and rode out into the night.

Zorro raced across the sloping tiles toward the north side of the hacienda, where Tornado, his powerful black steed, waited saddled and ready.



*After Zorro rescued Anita from her runaway horse, he rode with the thoroughly frightened and bedraggled girl to the gate of the de la Vega hacienda.*

Dropping lightly onto Tornado's back, he set out after Anita.

Keeping far enough back so that the girl would not know she was being followed, Zorro trailed her across the de la Vega fields and up into the nearby hills. As the road grew narrower and more winding, Zorro would lose sight of the girl from time to time, only to see her again beyond the bend of some rocky cliff. But when the road turned into a narrow ledge that ran along the sheer face of a cliff, Zorro spurred Tornado to close the gap. This was no place for a lone girl at night.

At last, Zorro rounded one bend in the path and drew up short. Anita's horse stood quietly, his saddle empty. Anita was nowhere to be seen!

Where could she have gone? On one side was a sheer drop of many feet. On the other, rugged rocks stretched up toward the top of the hills. Before him, the path gleamed empty and white in the moonlight.

Just then, a strange sound floated to him on the night air. Somewhere, above him on the hillside, a man was

talking. Zorro listened for a moment, then, leaving Tornado, he climbed noiselessly toward the voice. As he came nearer he could make out the words:

"Go back to Spain," a muffled voice was saying. "It is better to live in Spain than die in California."

Zorro peered over a rock and saw Anita, quite near him. She had her back turned to him and was facing a strange, bat-like figure which stood on a rock before her. The mysterious man was muffled in a long poncho which flapped in the breeze. A hat, pulled down over his eyes, hid the upper part of his face, and his mouth and chin were concealed by a serape draped over one arm. With his free arm he gestured at the girl, as if trying to shoo her away.

"Go back to Spain while you can," he warned again.

Anita backed nearer to the rock where Zorro was concealed.

"Senorita Cabrillo," the masked man whispered, "try to keep him..."

Already frightened by the muffled figure before her, Anita spun around



and confronted the black-garbed, black-masked Zorro. For an instant she stood frozen with terror, then she screamed and scrambled away, half-running, half-falling down the hill.

The strange man who had threatened her turned and fled in the opposite direction, up over the rocks. Zorro pursued him, leaping from rock to rock, scrabbling for a foothold on the steep hillside.

Steadily, Zorro gained on his quarry. He was almost within reach when the man snatched up a stone and hurled it. Zorro side-stepped lithely and drew his sword. He was about to close with his opponent when the night was shattered by a scream. It was Anita!

Without hesitating, Zorro turned and ran down the hill. In seconds he reached the place where Tornado waited, and a glance along the narrow ledge that rimmed the cliff showed why Anita had screamed. Her horse, perhaps startled when she mounted hastily, was galloping furiously along the rim of the cliff with the frightened girl clinging to the saddle.

Leaping to Tornado's back, Zorro set out at top speed after the runaway horse and rider. The fiery black stallion easily gained on Anita's mount. As he drew nearer, Zorro could see that the saddle had slipped sideways. The girl was in danger of tumbling off, over the side of the ledge to the rocks below.

Urging the black horse to a furious burst of speed, Zorro forced his way between the runaway and the edge of the cliff. He had a glimpse of Anita's pale, frightened face peering back at him, then he grasped the girl around the waist and lifted her to Tornado's back. The black horse slowed and the runaway plunged ahead, running straight for the safety of his stable.

The bedraggled and thoroughly terrified girl whom Zorro delivered at the front gate of the de la Vega hacienda was hard put to explain her escapade to the household. She told her tale to Don Alejandro who, roused from his sleep in the middle of the night, was not in his very best mood.

"I do not understand it," he said, when he had heard her out. "Why on earth would you ride off alone?"

"I am sorry, Senor," Anita was nearly in tears. "Someone tossed a note through my window. It said to come alone if I wanted to learn about my father."

"That was foolish and dangerous, Anita," Don Alejandro was severe. "It might have cost you your life."

"It would have," Anita agreed meekly, "if Senor Zorro had not been there to save me." And she smiled absently at Diego, who had just come in, sleepily tying the cord of his dressing gown.

\* \* \* \* \*

A thoroughly chastened Anita accompanied Diego into Los Angeles the next day to pay a discreet call on Rafael Gonzales. They found the stablemaster cooperative enough, but with little information that could be helpful to them. He denied that he had ever seen the name of Cabrillo on any letters he had handled. He denied that anyone else could have opened the mail sacks before he did. "That would not be possible," he explained. "For many years there was nobody drove the coach but me!"

"But I wrote many letters to my father," Anita insisted. "I mailed them to him—to Los Angeles. What became of them?"

Gonzales only shrugged.

"And I can prove that I received letters from my father," Anita went on. "I have them in my trunk at the hacienda—every one he wrote me!"

"You have?" Diego brightened at this. "Gonzales, if we showed you these letters, could you tell whether they were mailed from Los Angeles?"

Gonzales pondered this. "It is possible," he conceded. "Why don't you bring one or two—let me look at them?"

Diego took Anita's arm and hurried her away from the stable. "We will get Sergeant Garcia," he told the girl. "He should see these letters, too."

It was an excited group that crowded into Anita's room to see her letters. Bernardo, Diego, Garcia, Don Alejandro and Cresencia all watched as Anita threw herself down on her

knees and lifted the lid of her big trunk.

"You'll see now that I am telling the truth," she said, beginning to remove things from the trunk. "I'll let you read some of the letters."

Garcia nodded hopefully.

"If my father wasn't here in Los Angeles, how would he know some of the things he wrote about? He even described the crown on the statue of the Virgin and...at the mission...and..." Anita's voice began to tremble. She pawed frantically at the things in the trunk. "The letters... they're gone," she cried. "They were there! They were! I had them all tied together with a ribbon!"

She got up rather unsteadily. "Nobody will believe me," she wept. "Everything goes wrong!"

She threw herself face-down on the bed and cried as if her heart would break.

"We had better leave her alone for a bit," Don Alejandro said quietly. The others filed slowly out of the room, leaving the discouraged girl to comfort herself with a good cry.

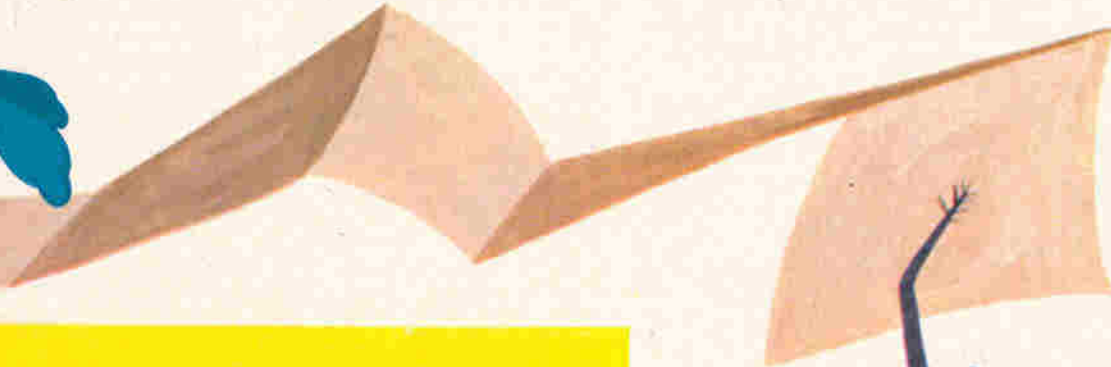
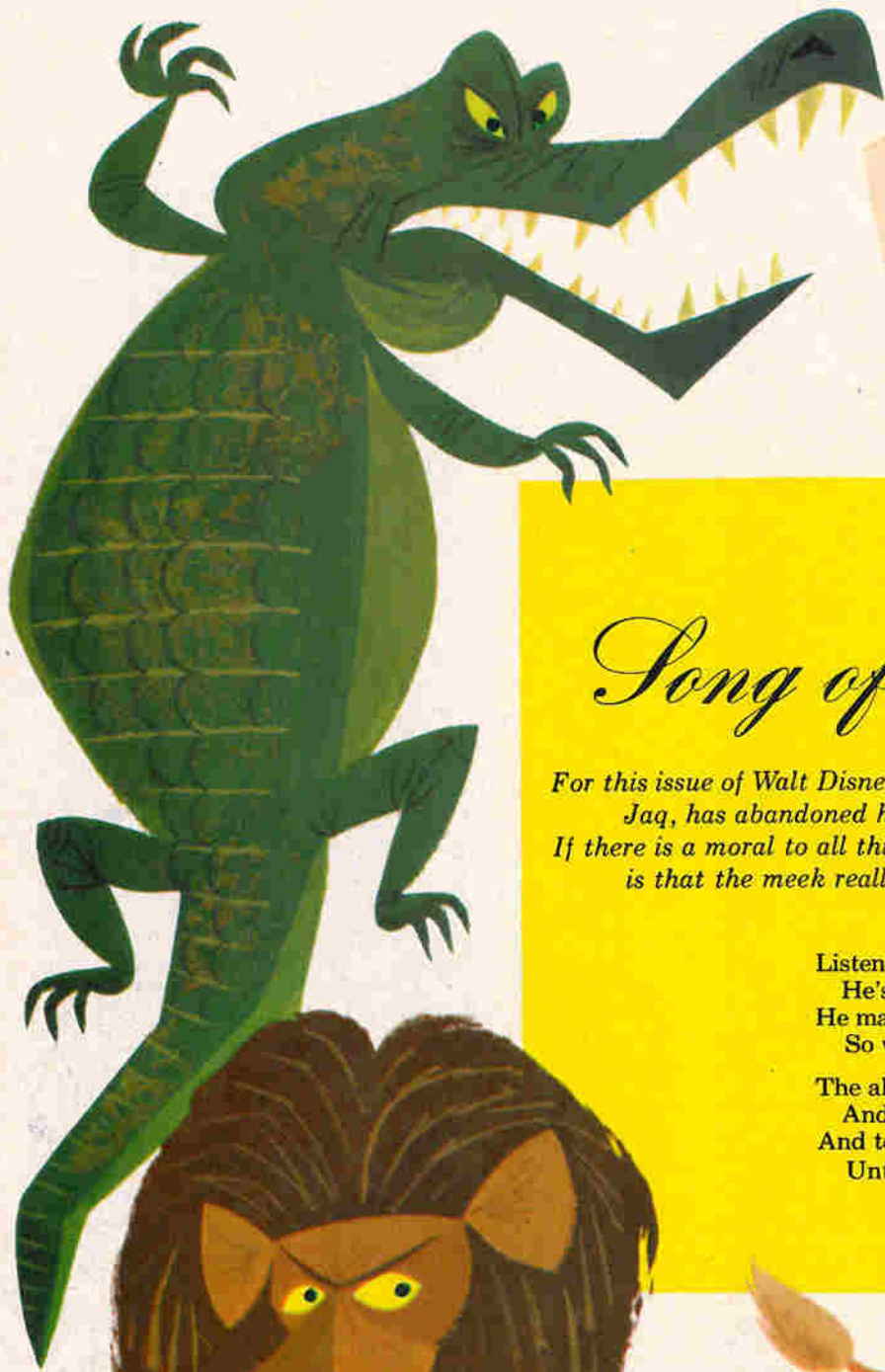
Anita lay sobbing, her hands covering her face, and so she did not see the man who stepped from a hiding place behind the curtains. He watched her for a moment, then slipped silently out through the open window. In his hand was a thick packet of letters, tied with a ribbon.

*To be continued.*



*"No one will believe me," Anita cried.*





## *Song of a Mouse* by Jaq

*For this issue of Walt Disney's Magazine, that intrepid mouse, Jaq, has abandoned his role of storyteller and turned poet. If there is a moral to all this, perhaps it is that the meek really do inherit the earth.—the editors*

Listen to the roar of the lordly lion.  
He's king of the jungle, there's no denying.  
He makes men tremble when he's in a rage.  
So what happens? They put him in a cage!

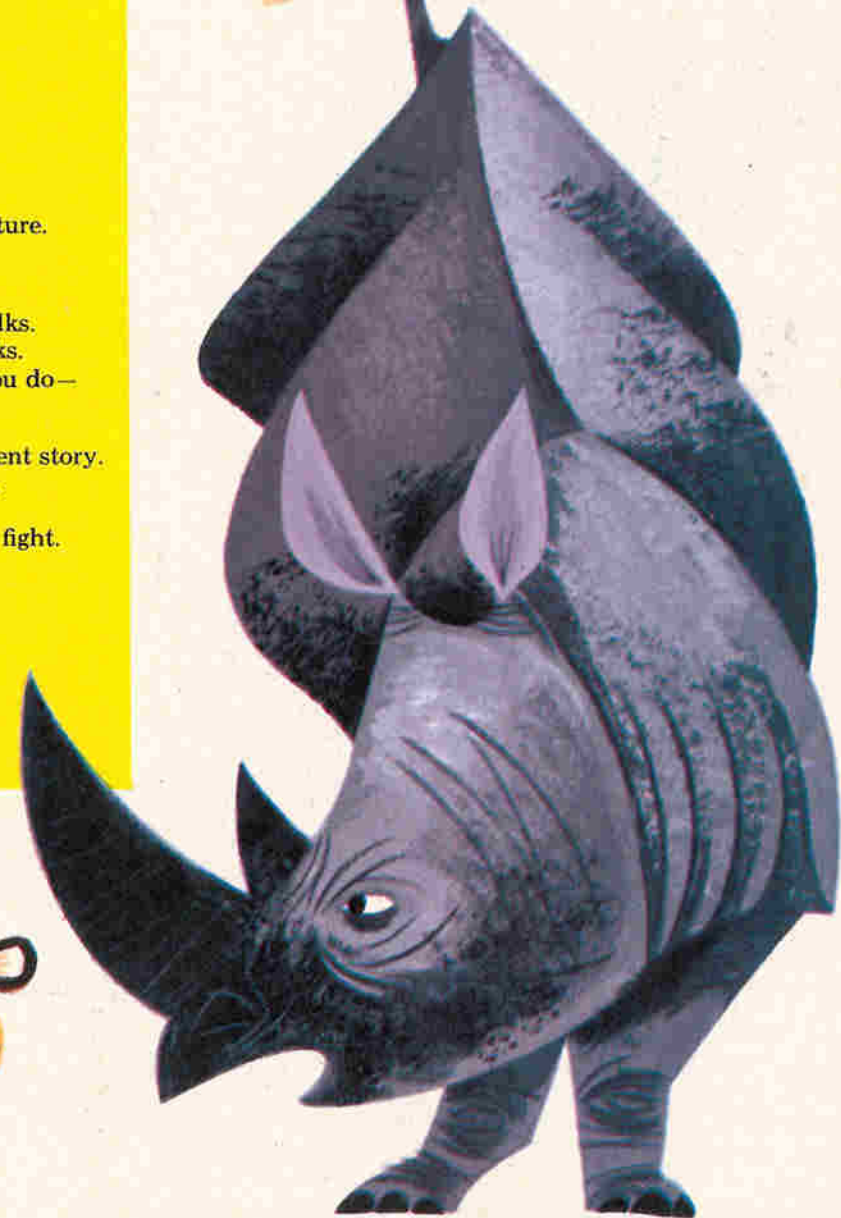
The alligator cultivates a horny tail  
And cruel little eyes and great long nails  
And teeth like razors, with which he chews,  
Until he's made into alligator shoes!

The rhino is a fierce and powerful creature  
And shortness of temper is his very worst feature.  
He'll charge at anything that moves at all,  
So he winds up a trophy on the wall!

The forest always shakes when the elephant walks.  
The other beasts hide out when the tiger stalks.  
You've never seen a tiger? Well, here's what you do—  
Go and visit your local zoo!

But the mouse—Ah, the mouse! That's a different story.  
The mouse isn't fierce. The mouse isn't gory.  
The mouse doesn't live on another's fright.  
The mouse doesn't claw. The mouse doesn't fight.

So no one bothers the humble mouse.  
He lives without trouble in many a house.  
The lions and rhinos, the beasts of prey,  
Meet their fate and the mouse has his day.





# Magic Playground of Sand



Spread out before you are beautiful white dunes of wind-crumbled gypsum. You hop out of your car and run your hands through the amazing soft stuff, cool and delightful. Then off come your shoes and you wiggle your toes in this fantastic white substance. Then, if you are carefree and young, perhaps you lie down and roll.

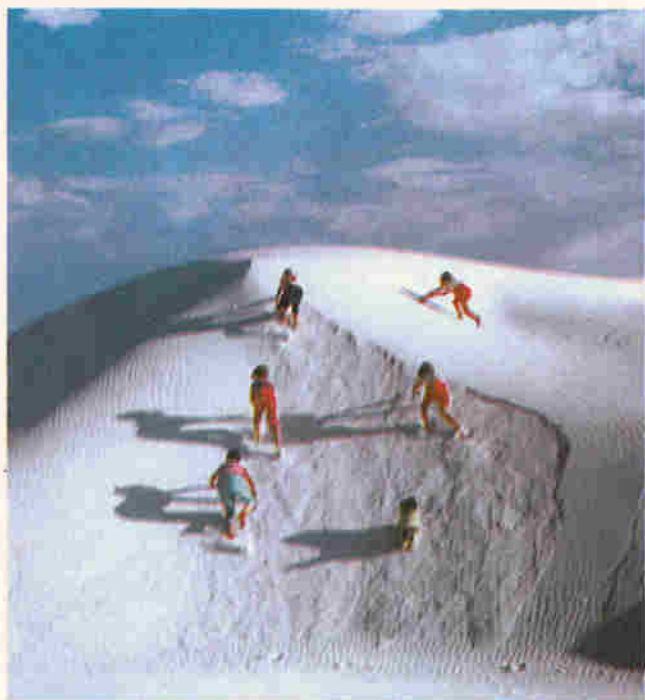
You are in White Sands National Monument in New Mexico and you have come to a magic playground—the world's largest deposit of gypsum, covering over 140,000 acres, or more than 275 square miles.

And what is gypsum? It is actually a mineral. It is found in great quantities in the San Andres Mountains of New Mexico. For centuries cloudbursts and melting snow have dissolved the gypsum, carrying it into a great marsh. When the water evaporates, transparent crystals remain. Soon the wind takes over, breaking particles of crystals loose and piling them up in drifts as much as 50 feet high.

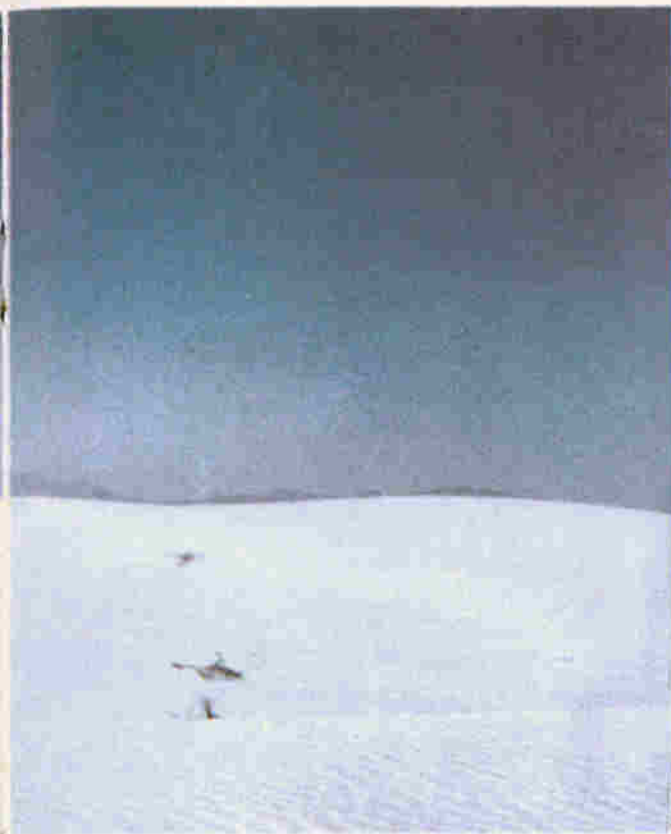
Only two animals make their homes in these sands—a white lizard and the white Apache pocket mouse.

Over three million visitors have come here since 1933 when White Sands was designated as a national monument. All who visit this strange fairyland of shimmering dunes come away delighted. White Sands National Monument, they all agree, is an experience—something very special which everyone someday should see and enjoy.

*Clean sands, fine as sugar and soft as snow, provide a perfect place for young visitors to slide and tumble.*







*New Mexico's White Sands National Monument, a gigantic sandbox covering 275 square miles, invites the visitor— young or old—to frolic in its shimmering softness.*

*The smooth sands are ideal for softball.*



*Slide down the slope and then climb up again, sometimes with a helping hand.*





# The Secret of the Hidden Window

Part II by Lee Chaney

*An unsuspected enemy lurks near  
the house at Hayes End.*



Illustrated by SAM MCKIM

## What has happened so far:

Young David Abbott, an American boy visiting England with his parents, becomes friends with his landlady's son, Edgar Grey, an amateur stamp collector. While bicycling one day, the two boys are overtaken by a summer storm and seek shelter in an old abandoned house. They find a letter concealed in a boarded-up window. The letter tells of a fabulous hoard of jewels belonging to the refugee queen, Maria Amelia of France, and states that the jewels are hidden in the old house. Directions for finding the treasure are given in code. Mr. Abbott and the boys try to decipher the code, but are not successful. They advertise for a cryptographer and a stranger answers the advertisement.

The man gave his name as Haynes, and described his experience as a cryptographer with Allied Intelligence

during the war. He produced papers stating he had been instrumental in breaking the German Submarine Code during the war.

"I own a print shop in London, now," he explained. "There isn't much need for cryptographers in peace time."

Mr. Abbott seemed satisfied. "Well, what do you think?" he asked the boys. "Shall we engage Mr. Haynes?"

David nodded eagerly, and Edgar agreed, too—a little reluctantly.

Edgar studied the stranger as he and Mr. Abbott discussed a fee. Mr. Haynes was a large man with a double chin, reddish hair and a barely discernable moustache, much redder than his hair. His best feature was his nose. Even though it was large, it was perfectly shaped. Yet, on the very end, a wart marred its absolute perfection.

"Maybe that's what bothers me," Edgar thought.





"That wart. Or maybe it's Mr. Haynes' way of talking. He sounds too anxious to please."

"Of course, we'll expect complete discretion as to the contents," Mr. Abbott was saying to Mr. Haynes.

"I understand," Haynes replied. "Most of the things I'm asked to decipher are confidential. You can trust me, whatever it is."

"And we'd like you to work on it here."

Mr. Haynes agreed, and brought from his car the tools of his trade—a giant board with movable strips and several books. Mrs. Grey cleared a table in the living room and Mr. Haynes set up shop.

Two evenings later, the cryptographer completed his task. He looked on proudly as Mr. Abbott and the boys crowded around to study the message he had deciphered:

*"Find key in concealed window, north wall, large room, lower floor,"* Mr. Abbott read aloud. *"Pull wooden*

*peg from side of fifth step from bottom of stairs. Slide step out, unlock padlock with key. Slide back iron bar to loosen stone above center of fireplace. Pull stone out to open compartment."*

For the first time, Mr. Haynes betrayed an interest. "Some sort of treasure?" he ventured.

"I'll say," David blurted out. Then he bit his lip.

"I'm sure we can rely on Mr. Haynes to keep our secret," Mr. Abbott reassured him kindly.

"Of course, of course," Haynes said.

Later, when the sound of Haynes' car had faded into the night, the Greys and the Abbotts excitedly discussed the newly decoded directions.

"Gee, Dad, it looks like I let the cat out of the bag," David said.

"I wouldn't worry about it," his father assured him again. "Mr. Haynes seems like an honest man. Even if he isn't, he doesn't know the location of the house. That was in the first part of the letter."

"The thing that's worrying me is the key," Edgar put in. "Why didn't we see it when we found the letter?"

"Maybe there's another window."

"Well, it would have to be in the same wall as the one we found," Edgar said. "That's the north wall. And I'm not sure there's room for two windows."

"Maybe if we pull the other boards off we can find it," David said. He turned to his father and paused, trying to figure out the best way to phrase his question.

"You don't have to say a word. I know what you're going to ask!" Mr. Abbott laughed. "Yes, you can go over tomorrow and have a look. But be careful. We don't want anyone to get suspicious." He sighed. "I just wish I could go with you, but I have an important appointment in the morning."

The next day, David and Edgar set a new record for early rising. When Mr. and Mrs. Abbott appeared for breakfast Mrs. Grey was hurrying to get them on their way.

"I can't find that lunch box anywhere," she said.

The boys thought for a minute.

"Oh, I bet we left it up at the old house," David recalled. "We had some cookies there while we were building the fire. It's probably still there on the floor."

"Well, I'll just have to wrap your lunch up," Mrs. Grey decided. "But don't forget to bring that box home with you today."

The boys solemnly promised, and raced out the door. In seconds they were cycling up the road, so excited at the prospect of finding a treasure that they didn't notice a small car parked near the Grey house.

In the driver's seat was a small, mole-like man with a long, hooked nose and a moustache. And seated next to him was Mr. Haynes!

The sinister pair watched David and Edgar speed around the corner at the end of the block. Then Haynes turned to the driver. "Okay," he said, "let's go. And stay far enough back so they won't see us."

"You think we ought to follow the kids?" the mole-like man questioned. "Maybe their old man's the one."

"You don't know kids, Lugoni," Haynes smiled. "It's



psychology. Show me some kids who know about a treasure, and I'll soon show you the treasure. They'll lead you to it every time. They're like flies with honey—they can't keep away."

The car crept forward, matching the speed of the bicycles. Neither David nor Edgar had the least suspicion that Lugoni and Haynes were following. They sped along until the old house loomed up around a curve, then they dismounted, walked the bikes to the doorway of the house and leaned them against the wall.

Inside the house, David and Edgar went directly to the partly exposed window and tugged at the boards that still remained. With resounding cracks, they came off.



"I see it!" Edgar shouted.

Down in a corner of the window, a large key hung on a peg. Edgar pulled it off and crossed to the stairway. "Which step was it?" he asked.

"The fifth, I think," David pulled a sheet of paper from his coat and unfolded it. "That's right. The fifth step from the bottom."

"One, two, three, four, five—Okay, now what?"

"Pull the wooden peg out," David read.

Edgar examined the edge of the step. "Here, I see it! It's right next to the wall!"

With the key to his bicycle lock, Edgar pried the wooden peg loose. Once it was removed, the step slid out to reveal a hidden compartment.

"There's our iron bar and the lock," David said softly. "Now if we can open the lock, the treasure's all ours!"

He put the key in the keyhole and tried to turn it, but it wouldn't budge. Then Edgar took over. But neither could make the old, rusty mechanism work at all.

"We could break the lock," Edgar ventured. "I'll get a rock."

He opened the door, and in the overgrown weeds found a chunk of quartz that exactly filled the bill. He

pounded at the lock with the rock, but the more he pounded, the more he beat the iron into a solid hunk. At last, he had to admit defeat.

"We'll have to come back with some real tools," he sighed.

In silence, the boys considered their next move. Then Edgar spoke up. "I think I've figured out one thing," he said.

"What's that?"

"How this iron bar locks the compartment over the fireplace. It must slide through the wall and fasten into the fireplace stone. When you unlock the rod here and slide it over, it slips out of the rock. Pretty clever, huh?"

"Sure, sure," David agreed. "But let's get going—get home and get the tools and get back here and..."

"Okay, okay! I get the idea," Edgar shouted. "Oh, wait a minute—the lunch box. Better take it with us this time." He scooped up the box from the floor.

Haynes and Lugoni, parked off the road behind some bushes, watched the boys come out, mount their bikes and start down the road.

"The box!" Haynes stammered excitedly. "One of the boys is carrying a box. They've found the jewels!" His voice rose. "Start the car. We've got to get that box!"

"Look," Lugoni protested, "I didn't bargain on roughing up any kids."

"Quit your whimpering and do what I say!" Haynes yelled.

Muttering softly, Lugoni put the car into gear and sped after the boys.

David, riding just behind Edgar, heard the car when it was barely a yard behind him. He shouted and swerved for the ditch.

Edgar looked back just in time to see the car pull alongside. Grasping the car door with one hand, Haynes leaned out and grabbed the lunch box from the bicycle luggage rack.

Knocked off balance, Edgar skidded wildly and fell in the dusty road.

"Are you hurt?" asked David, climbing out of the ditch.

"No, just disgusted," Edgar lay back on his elbows in the road and watched the automobile disappear. "Our trusted friend Mr. Haynes," he said sourly. "But why on earth would

he do a thing like that just to get an old lunch box?"

"Can't you guess?"

"Not unless—Oh!" He whistled a long, low whistle. "The light begins to dawn. He thought we had the treasure in the lunch box."

David nodded. "I think we'd better call Dad," he said.

The boys lost no time in heading for the nearest phone booth.

David's father was startled when he heard their story. "Go home and wait for me," he ordered them. "I'll



*Haynes set to work on the code.*

come right away. Don't do anything until I get there."

The boys pedalled back to the Grey house, where they armed themselves with a hack saw, a cold chisel and a hammer, in readiness for a final assault on the stubborn lock. Before long, Mr. Abbott drove up. Hurriedly, David and Edgar jumped into the car.

By automobile, the old house was surprisingly close. In no time they had rounded the familiar bend in the road and were parking the car. They covered the distance between the car and the house at a run, with Mr. Abbott in third place. He was the last to reach the doorway and hear David's agonized shout.

"It's gone! The treasure's gone!"

An open compartment gaped above



the center of the fireplace, and on the mantel was the rock which had concealed the hiding place.

Mr. Abbott peered into the dusty opening. "I thought something like this might happen," he said, "so I called the police before I left my office. I didn't want to tell you boys until now, because if Haynes hadn't moved so fast, you could still have had the fun of finding the treasure."

He turned away and urged the boys toward the door. "Come on," he said. "We'll drop by the police sta-



tion and see if they nabbed Haynes."

At the station, Mr. Abbott asked about Haynes and was greeted with a knowing smile.

"Right this way, Mr. Abbott!" said an assistant, leading them through a door into a large room. In the center of the room was a table illuminated by a light on a drop cord. And spread out on the table was a sparkling pile of jewels.

David and Edgar gasped and moved closer. They were totally unconscious of the frantic activity around them. A constable, basking in the limelight of publicity, was trying to answer the questions of the reporters who crowded around. "... and after we got the phone call," he was saying, "we simply went out to the old Thomas house and caught 'em with the jewels in their hands."

"Are these the two boys?" one man asked.

The assistant nodded, and David and Edgar were suddenly blinded by the glare of flashbulbs as photographers snapped pictures and reporters fired questions at them.

By now the constable's superior, Captain Parker, had arrived and was talking to Mr. Abbott. The boys moved closer to listen.

"It seemed to me Haynes looked honest enough," Mr. Abbott was saying. "His story seemed reasonable, and he had documents stating that he helped break the German Submarine Code during the war."

The captain chuckled. "That's partly the truth...but I bet he didn't tell you he also helped the Germans break the Allied Code. We could never get enough evidence to convict him. Now at last I think we've got something that'll hold him for a while. He'll get Grand Theft for the jewels... and we've been watching the print shop he owns. We were just about to move in on him for making false passports."

The constable interrupted. "You and the boys might be interested in this packet of letters. It was found with the jewelry in the old house."

Mr. Abbott took the letters and leafed through them. "More of the queen's private correspondence," he commented. "One is from her old childhood tutor, warning her that Napoleon III planned to take over the government."

David was impatient at his father's interest in history. "But Dad," he said, "who'll get the jewels?"

"I bet it's not us," Edgar put in sadly.

This prediction turned out to be all too true, as the boys learned when Captain Parker called on them that evening.

"I want you to know that we feel badly about this whole affair," the captain explained. "If we could change things, we would, but we have our orders. The government gets the jewels. It seems the old house is on government land."

"What about the letters that were with the jewels?" Mr. Abbott asked.

"The Museum's already spoken for them," the captain explained. "But they didn't say anything about the envelopes the letters were in. And I understand Edgar puts quite a stock in stamps, so I brought them over to you." He threw a dozen or so envelopes before them on the table.

"Are they ours to keep?" Edgar eagerly eyed the one on top.

"As far as we're concerned, the case is officially closed," the captain stated.

The next morning, Edgar and David paid a visit to a small shop with gold lettering on the front proclaiming it to be the establishment of "Pettigrew & Sons, Philatelic Dealers." There an elderly gentleman examined the stamp on the envelope Edgar had given him.

"What do you think, Mr. Pettigrew? Is it valuable?" Edgar asked.

"Well, now!" was Mr. Pettigrew's only comment. He was not one to make hasty decisions. He opened a book and studied a page, then turned back to examine the stamp with a magnifying glass. Then, for what was undoubtedly the first time in history, Mr. Pettigrew began to smile.

"You're right, my boy. It is valuable! This is a One Franc French Ceres. Some colors aren't quite so



valuable, but according to this book the Vermillion has a suggested price of five hundred pounds!"

"Five hundred pounds!" David was stunned. "Why that's almost..."

"Fifteen hundred dollars," Edgar laughed delightedly.

"You got many of these?" Mr. Pettigrew raised his eyebrows.

Edgar smiled. "Maybe. But I wouldn't want to flood the market. We'll be back later, Mr. Pettigrew. Thanks a lot."

As the boys headed for home David said to Edgar, "There's something I've been meaning to ask you."

"What?"

David grinned. "Just how does a person start a stamp collection?"





*Whether on Disneyland's street cars  
or stage coaches or even  
the fire wagon it's fun to take*

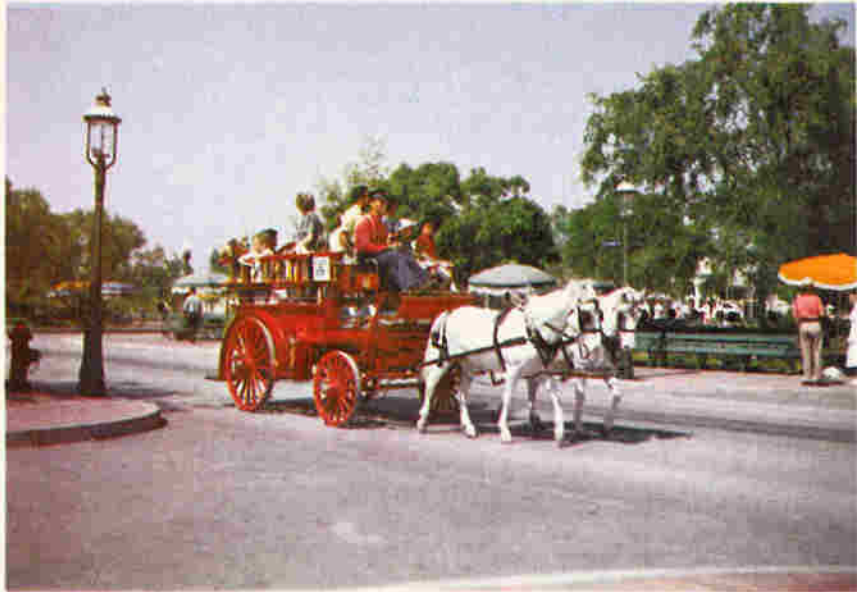


## **A DRIVE THROUGH THE PARK**

*A stage coach ride through the Painted Desert is fun.*







*Ride the Fire Department's hose and chemical wagon.*

One of the most pleasant modes of travel used to be by horse and buggy. Today, for most people, such a ride has become a rarity. However, horse-drawn conveyances are still to be found in Disneyland, as the pictures on these pages show.

There are horse-drawn streetcars, pulled at a leisurely pace by "Dobbin," and the Disneyland Fire Department's old-fashioned hose and chemical wagon. A favorite is the surrey with the fringe on top, pulled by as smart a pair of horses as you would ever want to see.

Many enjoy the stage coach run through the Painted Desert. Popular, too, is the Conestoga wagon, the old covered wagon.

All are accurate reproductions and the horses which pull them have been carefully chosen for the tasks they are required to perform.



*The Conestoga wagon used to cross the wild prairies.  
Some say the surrey with the fringe on top is best.*







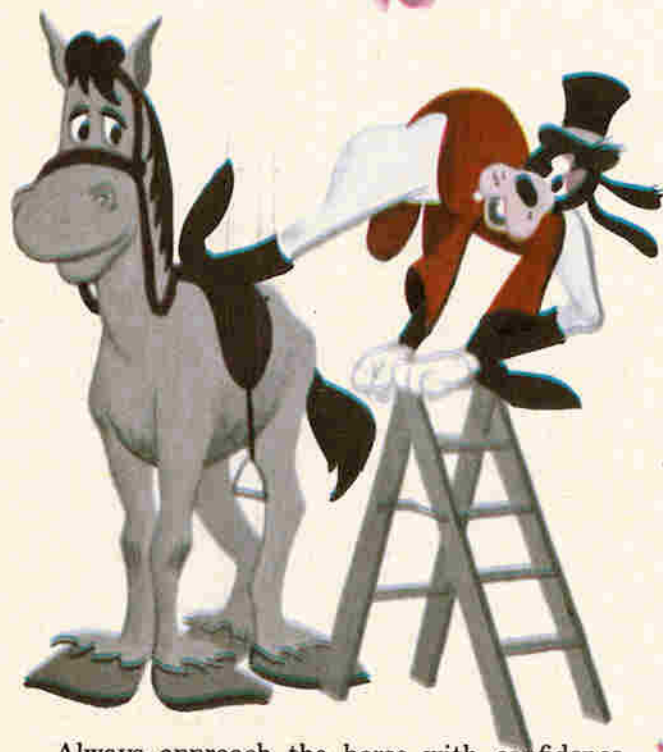
# HOW TO RIDE A HORSE

by Goofy

*With the coming of spring, when the hill-sides are dotted with wildflowers, human beings should take to horseback to appreciate nature at its glorious best. For those readers who have never known the glories of horseback riding, I, Goofy, well-known expert in horsemanship, offer these few helpful hints...*



One of the first essentials of riding is the proper costume. Great care should be taken to be well groomed from the hat right to the fingertips.



Always approach the horse with confidence. The mounting block is often a valuable aid when the amateur is riding a horse for the first time.



Always mount a horse from the left side, which is the right side, the right side being the wrong side and the left—that is—oh, the heck with it!





Some horsemen prefer to leap gracefully into the saddle, but care should be taken that the horse doesn't turn backwards in the meantime.



All horses love to jump, which is helpful when horse and rider take to the hunt. Should the horse be obstinate, touch lightly with spurs!




Ah, the woodsy smell and thrill of the hunt! While we're at it, this might be a good time to discuss falling from a horse. Lie quietly. A horse will never step on a fallen rider. There's only one small flaw: Some horses don't know about this.

## TIPS ON RIDING

Goofy may have had the right idea, but in his usual way, he bungled the fine points. He was right in some things, though. Always have confidence while riding—never let the horse doubt that you are the master. Riding habit is important, but the first thing is to be comfortable. Some instructors recommend riding breeches and tail coat, but out west a flannel shirt and a strong pair of jeans will usually suffice. Never start out with a high-spirited horse. A mild-mannered animal may not be as much fun, but he's much safer while you're learning and gaining that all-important confidence. Always follow along recognized, marked trails so you won't get lost, whether you ride in Central Park or on a Rocky Mountain dude ranch. But the most important thing is to have fun while you ride—enjoy yourself and riding can be a thrilling, exciting experience in the great outdoors.



# all about music



*Lyrics to  
songs from new  
Disney pictures*

## SING A SMILING SONG

(Adapted from Tchaikovsky's  
Sleeping Beauty Suite "Silver Fairy")

Words: Tom Adair  
Music: George Bruns


When you have a busy, busy day,  
Here is how to turn your work to play,  
Here's a little recipe that  
can't go wrong:  
Just Sing a Smiling Song.

When you have a worried, worried mind,  
Want to try to leave your cares behind,  
Here's a way to make the hours  
seem half as long:  
Just Sing a Smiling Song.  
Turn the corners of your mouth  
Up instead of down.  
Come on, friend, and just pretend.  
Play that you're a clown.  
When you have a million jobs to do,  
And you think you never  
will get through,  
Pick a happy melody and hum along,  
And Sing a Smiling Song.

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## LONELY GUITAR

Words and Music by Jimmie Dodd




Lonely Guitar, is there  
no one who loves us?  
Lonely Guitar, not a soul seems to care.  
The stars in the sky  
Look like tear-drops because  
I've been crying;  
And the breeze  
Seems to sigh  
As I whisper my penance in prayer.  
Lonely Guitar, now our song is a sad song.  
Longing, we are, for someone to adore.  
Well, some sunny day,  
There may come our way, one who  
Will love us;  
Then, my lonely Guitar,  
You and I will be lonely no more.

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## SLEEPING BEAUTY SONG

(Based on a theme by Tchaikovsky)

Words: Tom Adair  
Music: George Bruns



Sleeping Beauty Fair . . .  
Gold of sunshine in your hair,  
Lips that shame the red, red rose,  
Dreaming of true love,  
in slumber repose.  
One day, he will come,  
Riding out of the dawn.  
And you'll awaken to love's first kiss . . .  
Till then, Sleeping Beauty, sleep on.  
One day you'll awaken  
to love's first kiss . . .  
Till then, Sleeping Beauty, sleep on.

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The trends in popular music have always swung back and forth, like the pendulum on a clock. Tastes differ, and one style of music will be popular for a few years and then give way to another, different type.

A century ago, in Vienna, the most popular instrument was the violin, and the favorite dance, the waltz. Popular music consisted of the waltzes composed by Johann Strauss and others. At the turn of the century there were string ensembles and brass bands, and gradually the two combined. About this time, jazz came into being in New Orleans. Dance bands, using both string and band instruments, played music part-classical and part-jazz.

In the 1930's, this gave way to the modern dance band and "swing," popularized by Benny Goodman, Glen Miller, Tommy Dorsey, and later by Stan Kenton. But the music grew complicated. Modern ideas came from serious classical composers, and the music grew more and more difficult to play and—so some people thought—difficult to listen to.

So the pendulum swung the other way. Guided by the high school boys and girls, who yearned for something



*The Kingston Trio*

simple and with a strong beat, the trend fell way back to the old folk songs and hillbilly ballads. The term for this music became "rhythm and blues" or "hillbilly" or, eventually, "rock and roll."

Rock 'n' roll features a strong beat (often made stronger by two drummers, one playing a drum and the other beating on a suitcase). Carrying the melody are guitars or, even better, an electric guitar, an instrument hardly known fifteen years ago. The saxophone has come into its own, with rock 'n' roll, as a solo instrument.

This type of music has developed its own breed of musicians. Fine technique and tone take on less importance in rock 'n' roll—the important thing is the beat and the rhythmic feeling for the song. The songs themselves are simple—most are identical to the old 12-bar blues first played and sung by the first Dixieland musicians in New Orleans. The singing style is different, too—closer to the old "blues" style made popular 25 years ago by Bessie Smith and "Ma" Rainey. The best known R&R singers were literally unknown ten years ago—Fats Domino, Little Richard and, of course, Elvis Presley.



*The Four Preps*

*Gene Vincent and The Blue Caps*









# Western gear

*The clothing of the American cowboy  
is his trademark*

by Walt Rickell

Cowboy gear in America is fancy, but it is made for work rather than for show. A cowboy's clothing, which is tough, comfortable and convenient, differs according to locality.



The cowboy's hat has many uses. The wide brim protects him from the hot sun in summer and from rain and snow in winter. It is also used to carry water, to fan a campfire, to make a pillow on hard ground, and for many other purposes. In the southwest, the crown of the hat is seven or eight inches high, sometimes with a few dents. In the northwest, the crown is low, with creases along the top. Hatbands are usually made of leather or rawhide. In the heyday of the cowboy, the purchase of a hat was a real investment, sometimes costing from two to six months wages.



The name "chaps" comes from the Spanish *chaparejos* (pronounced chay-pah-ray-hos), meaning leather leggings. Chaps protect the wearer when he rides through sagebrush and cactus, or when he is thrown from a bucking horse. "Shotgun" chaps, popular in California and Nevada, are like leather pants with fringe on the leg seams. They resemble two shotgun barrels, hence the name. "Batwing" chaps have large flaps on the sides. Very popular in the north are Angora chaps, made of goatskin or sheepskin, which are very warm in cold weather.



A cowboy's boots are his proudest possession, fancy and usually handmade, but functional in design. They are most often brown or black, with tops coming up almost to the knee. The high, undercut heels keep the boot from slipping through the stirrups. And when roping on the ground, the cowboy can dig his high heels into the dirt to get a better footing. The narrow pointed toe of the boot makes it easy for a rider to pick up a stirrup on a wild or snorty horse. The high tops protect the cowboy from brush scratches, mesquite, thorns, snakes and the like.



Spurs are a joy to a cowboy. When he walks, they jingle and attract attention. Out on the range, they break the silence and make a kind of music. The main use of the spur is, of course, to urge a horse on or to punish him for wrongdoing, such as bucking. The spur in the southwest follows the Spanish or California design. It is often ornamented with silver or gold, and has rowels from as small as one inch to as large as five or six inches in diameter. In the northwest, spurs are much more conservative, with small rowels and little or no ornamentation.





*The arguments between dog-lovers and cat-lovers will doubtless go on forever. In this issue, we present two pieces from readers of Walt Disney's Magazine. One, by Ginger Rotan, tells of a lovable dog named Ralph who finds a home. The other, by James Logan, tells us all about cats—or at least a good deal about the various cats who have come to live with the Logans.*

*And for those of you who are neutral on the dog vs. cat question, there's a poem about spring by Judy Hatfield. We guess that everyone likes spring.*

*We've been very pleased by the stories and poems that have been sent in for these pages. Thanks to all the young writers who have sent manuscripts. Keep up the good work.*  
—The Editor.

## ralph, the seafaring dog



Once there was a small, mangy dog by the name of Ralph, who was born in a barrel behind the slaughter house. From the beginning, Ralph was alone. Instinct taught him to search for food, and search he did, wandering through back streets, rotting slums and alleys, feeding on scraps.

One day, Ralph's wanderings took him to a wharf, where strong men were rolling barrels up a ramp and into a ship. A loud man was bellowing orders from the top deck of the vessel. Everyone was hurrying, as the sky was dark and threatening. The wind came in gusts and it began to rain. The workmen finally stopped and went into a nearby warehouse to wait for the storm to pass. Ralph crawled into a crate that had been left by the ramp and went to sleep.

Ralph didn't know how long he had slept when a rocking motion wakened him. He crawled out of the box and looked around him in bewilderment. He was in the hold of a ship, with piles of boxes and barrels around him. Ralph didn't know what to do, but he did know that he had to eat, and there was no food in the place.

Just then, he heard a noise. A door opened, and a huge figure appeared. The man looked surprised at the sight of Ralph. He came toward the dog, but Ralph cringed away. The sailor picked Ralph up and carried him to the deck.

Suddenly Ralph was surrounded by people. All through the rest of the voyage, Ralph was treated like a king. He slept on Sailor Tom's bunk and ate his meals in a corner of the

galley. And when the ship reached New Orleans, Sailor Tom slung his sea-bag over his shoulder and whistled to Ralph.

The dog strutted proudly along the wharf and down the streets at Sailor Tom's side. Soon they came to a small cottage overlooking the water. There was a telescope in the side yard and a white picket fence ran all around. A woman stood at the gate to greet Tom, then Tom and the woman and Ralph all walked up the path and into the cottage.

They made Ralph comfortable and gave him a big meal. Ralph loved the cottage and the sailor and his wife. He settled down there to live happily ever after. Ralph's wandering days were over.

Ginger Rotan  
Houston, Texas



## all about cats

Some people say that every family should have a dog, but I think every family should have a cat. We always have a cat, and all our cats are called Snuggy. Snuggy the First was a grocery store cat, but the grocer didn't want him any more, so he gave him to my brother. It was winter and my brother carried him home inside his coat. He was only a kitten then, and he grew up to be my brother's cat.

When Snuggy the First was two years old he was hit by a car, so we got Snuggy II. My father brought him home from work one day, so he was my father's cat. He didn't stay with us too long. My mother said it was because he was a warehouse cat. He had been born in a warehouse and he had never been outside until he came to live with us. He didn't like grass or trees, and butterflies scared him. He ran away and never came back. I guess he went back to the warehouse.

Now we have Snuggy III. We also have a dog now, because someone told my father that every family should have a dog. My mother said, "Oh, yes?" but she let us keep the dog. At first Snuggy III and Rex, that's the dog, didn't like each other, but now they are friends. But Snuggy III thinks Rex is silly. Rex spends all his time chasing sticks and barking at cars. Snuggy III just sleeps and eats and every once in a while he lets someone pet him.

James Logan  
Queens, New York



the  
first  
day  
of  
spring

I love the blooming roses,  
And songbirds on the wing,  
To hear the frogs all croaking,  
To hear the crickets sing.  
But hark! In yonder fertile grass  
Is that a garden snake?  
Just then the master loudly cries,  
"Stop leaning on that rake!"

Judy Hatfield  
Allegan, Michigan





#### SCENES AND PLACES

First Prize  
**MT. RAINIER, WASHINGTON**  
**ISOBEL SWANSON, AGE 13**  
 Puyallup, Washington

## Snapshot contest winners

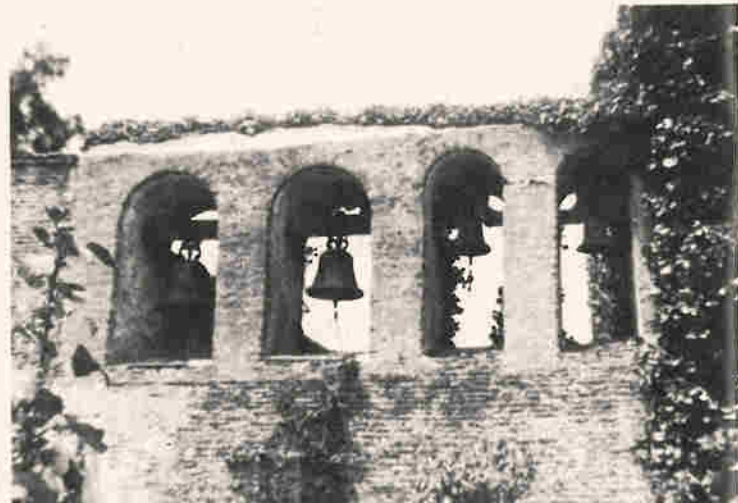
Additional Walt Disney's Magazine snapshot contest winners are shown on these pages. Winning entries have been awarded prizes of \$10, \$5 and \$3 for first, second and third places in each of three categories. Those given honorable mention (opposite page) have been awarded \$2 each.

#### MISCELLANY

First Prize  
**KING COTTON,**  
**PRIDE OF THE SOUTHLAND**  
**PAMELA GRAHAM, AGE 10**  
 Alicia, Arkansas

Second Prize  
**TO THE LEFT FLANK! YO!**  
**MARTHA BURNS, AGE 15**  
 Roslindale, Massachusetts

Third Prize  
**SACRED BELLS,**  
**MISSION SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO**  
**CHRISTIE FOX, AGE 15**  
 Sylmar, California







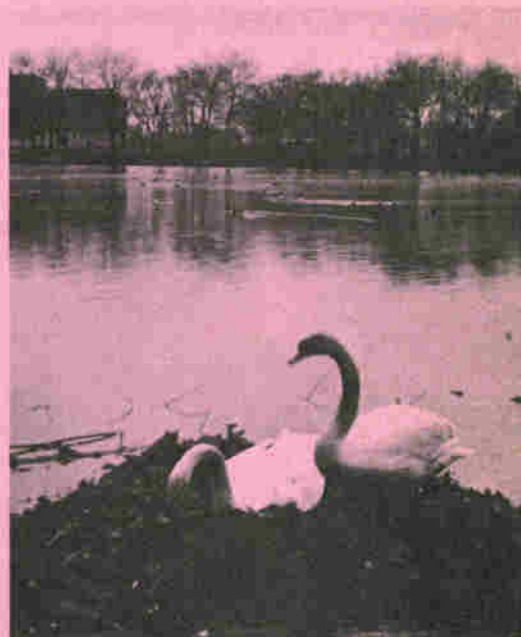
Second Prize  
**TAHQUAMENON FALLS, MICHIGAN**  
**ALICE PEABODY, AGE 13**  
 Lansing, Michigan



Third Prize  
**GEYSER AT YELLOWSTONE**  
**HOWARD EKERLING, AGE 11**  
 Los Angeles, California

### HONORABLE MENTION

PEEK-A-BOO, Cynthia Adams, East Windsor Hill, Conn.  
 • WISHFUL SLINKING, Leslie Benedict, Kingston, Tenn.  
 • HIPP AHOY, Christine Berg, Everett, Wash.  
 • BUCKEYE THE GOAT, Jean Bruckner, Hampshire, Ill.  
 • TREE CLIMBER, Maxine Croft, Elmira, N. Y.  
 • THE DISHWASHER, Kent Estabrook, Lookout Mt., Tenn.  
 • OLD NORTH CHURCH, Paula Farber, Pawtucket, R. I.  
 • LEPEROU FALLS, Bonnie Fletcher, Manchester, N. H.  
 • MEDITATION, John R. Fowle III, Silver Springs, Md.  
 • GIANT TURTLE, Guillermina Gonzalez, Chula Vista, Calif.  
 • AMERICAN FALLS, Barbara Huston, Riverside, N. J.  
 • PALOMINO OF TRAIL RIDGE, Marilyn Lingo, Marengo, Iowa  
 • LINCOLN MEMORIAL, Bill Lowry, Burlington, N. C.  
 • MEAT IS GOOD, Lee Ann Mason, Elkhorn, Wis.  
 • WHITE PEACOCK, Claire Mellini, Hillsborough, Calif.  
 • MR. GIRAFFE, Sandra Meyer, Cocoa Beach, Fla.  
 • EVENING IN THE ROCKIES, Rita Arndt, Whitefish, Mont.  
 • NOON LUNCH, Barbara Robley, Appleton, Wis.  
 • HALLOWE'EN PUMPKIN, Penny Ross, Jackson, Mich.  
 • BRIDAL VEIL FALLS, Janis Roth, Wellington, Kan.  
 • VIEW FROM ROOSEVELT LOOKOUT, Stefanie Rotsaert, Paterson, N. J.  
 • PORTAGE GLACIER, Jacqueline Sherrieff, Anchorage, Alaska  
 • RESTLESS WOLVES, Mayer Vishner, Bronx, N. Y.



### PETS AND ANIMALS

First Prize  
**LITTLE WHITE NOSEY**  
**DOUGLAS GENE TUCKEY, AGE 7**  
 Sidney, New York

Second Prize  
**MOTHER SWAN TURNING HER EGGS**  
**(WHILE FATHER SWAN LOOKS ON)**  
**MARIE SILZ, AGE 13**  
 Valley Stream, New York

Third Prize  
**MORNING IN THE MEADOW**  
**MARY JANE SANDERS, AGE 13**  
 Cincinnati, Ohio





The ground was soft and mushy. As the two men trudged along, they stepped in ooze up to their ankles. They got the impression that everything in this place was soft—nothing was solid. No rocks or stones or tree trunks. Just ferns and creeping, leafy vines covering a world of sticky, slippery mud and water.

The damp air, which clung to the men like steam from a hot shower, seemed charged with electricity. Occasionally bursts of light crackled around them, not unlike the will-o-the-wisps which flashed over the swamps at home.

And in the distance the men could see the huge beasts moving about in the water.

The grey-green monsters were half-submerged. With their long necks they reached far under water for bits of weed, or they craned far to shore to nibble on a fern or primitive flower. The creatures, from their small heads to the ends of their thin, whip-like tails, were more than 20 yards in

length. Weighing 35 tons, the beasts could not stand long on dry land—they needed the water to help float the tons of bone, skin and muscle in their long bodies.

The two men looked speechless at the sight before them. They were from the planet earth and had come far from home in a new advanced rocket. They were out of their own solar system—in fact, they were in another galaxy. Scientists had long believed life on other planets could exist, but they cautioned that it could be life far advanced beyond ours or, just as likely, it could be in the dawn of creation.

This was the dawn. And two men from earth stood ankle-deep in ooze gazing at life of sixty million earth years ago. Heat from another sun beat down on this unknown and unnamed planet, and the steam rose from pools of stagnant water.

The men wheeled at a noise behind them. A huge thunder-lizard (or brontosaurus, as it was known on

earth) ambled by. One of the men held his gun at the ready, but the other earthman put out a steadying hand. This was not a meat-eater. With his peg teeth he pulled at soft vegetables and greens. The men stood in terror as the dirty reptile, large as a moving van, lumbered past. The stubby head, with eyes like over-size marbles, passed within a few feet of the earthlings as it reached for the leaves of a creeping vine. Its tail swishing from side to side like a chameleon, the monster waddled to the water and paddled through the steaming swamp toward the other lounging reptiles.

The men pushed forward. There were no mountains—only hills. It was behind one hill that their rocket had landed. Before they left the ship they had readied it for immediate take-off. The men had wisely remained close to the rocket as they looked over this previously unexplored planet.

A series of splashes directed their attention toward the lagoon. Each





brontosaurus was churning toward deeper water, and the earth men soon understood why.

A huge tyrannosaurus rex (king of the tyrants) appeared through the mist, and the big lizards ran for safety. The king had no taste for soft foods. With a mouth as big as a house door and six-inch knives for teeth, this animal was out for meat!

The men from earth gaped at the most monstrous villain of all times. High enough to look into a third story window, and as long as a locomotive, this was the one dinosaur feared by all. He stood on his hind legs, two small arms with honed-steel claws hanging near his neck. His eyes, alert for a meal, surveyed the reptiles floating far from shore, and he turned from them. His legs pumping with the force of a steam shovel, he began marching toward the earth men.

The earthlings knew what had to be done. Quickly they turned and started for the rocket. But the slime

held them. In their hurry, the sticky, spongy ground seemed like glue. It stuck to their boots and made it difficult to move.

The tyrannosaurus came closer, and the men did not know if he had seen them. They tried to hurry faster, pulling first one foot and then the other from the mud. They did not know if the huge reptile would attack them, but they did not wait to find out.

The giant lizard moved closer, tearing at bits of bush with his teeth and grabbing with his small talons, hoping to find something for the never-ending appetite. As he approached, the smell of dead things filled the air.

Trying to run toward the rocket, the men thought they could feel his stale breath on their backs. The deafening crunch of the massive hind legs resounded in their ears.

The moment the men saw their rocket through the mist was the moment the mighty beast spied the

earthlings. He roared, and the crashing sound of footsteps grew louder. Water and slime dripped from his legs and body as he rushed toward the men.

They turned and faced the beast, who towered over them as an elephant would hover over a sheep. Perhaps they should not have worn their brilliant yellow space suits in this forest of smokey green. They had been spotted, and they must fight. They aimed their guns and fired. Exploding shells hit the four-foot skull and temporarily blinded the monster. The tiny arms thrashed about, groping for the men who had blinded the king of the dinosaurs.

The men slogged on. One recalled that once in a dream he had tried to run, but could move only slowly, like syrup pouring from a cold pitcher. It seemed this way now. Try as they might, the men could not run. Vines tripped them, the sticky ground held them and their feet became lead.

Great bellowing roars sounded behind them, but they did not look back. Somehow they reached the rocket and scrambled up the ladder. Bolting the door, they quickly prepared for take-off. Through the viewports they could see the monster, blood running over his ugly, scaled skin. They checked their dials and strapped themselves in chairs before blasting off. One of the men pulled a switch, and the roar was louder than the king of the tyrants.

The two men could see the horrible head coming toward them, the same height as the upper-level viewports. As it almost touched the glass, the rocket began moving upward and the crisis was over. They had escaped.

They looked back and saw the king of tyrants, tyrannosaurus rex, lying scorched and dead, burned by the exhaust of the rocket ship.

It was strange, they thought, that the advance spacemen from earth should be periled by the most terrible villain in all of time. And someday, far in the future, a scientist on the unnamed planet in the distant galaxy might find the bones of a tyrannosaurus rex. Would he, or would anyone on that planet, ever know that the monster was killed by a blast from a rocket from another world?

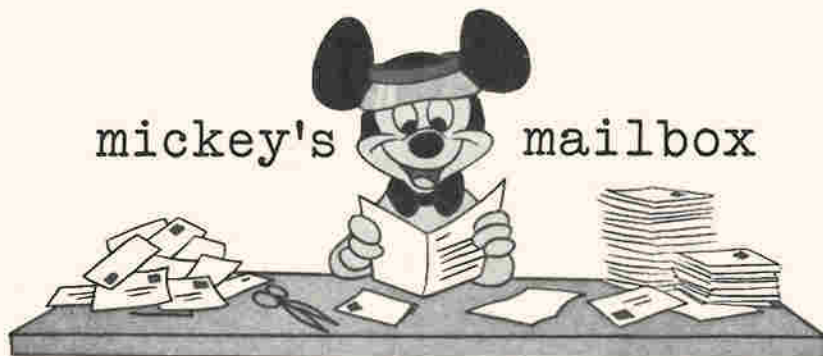
## KING OF THE TYRANTS

by nancy fenno





## mickey's mailbox



I am going to have a dress made like Annette's—the one she wore in the serial "Annette" in the episode called "The Party." Could you please tell me the color of it? And the ribbon and shoes? What is the material and does anybody have a picture of it? I drew one but I am afraid I haven't got it right.

Cheryl M.  
Detroit, Michigan

*Thanks to all our wonderful readers for your good letters on the "new look" in Walt Disney's Magazine. We've had quite a pile of mail during the past months. Here are a few letters we enjoyed particularly.*

—The Editor.

We all like this big new issue very much. Most of us are twelve and we enjoy the magazine.

Seventh Grade Girls  
Bethayres, Penna.

I have been getting the Walt Disney's Magazine for almost a year now and I think it's just wonderful. I enjoy reading it very much. The page that you have, "All About Music," I think it's really great.

Ann M.  
Lawrence, Mass.

I just received my first issue of the Walt Disney's Magazine since my renewed subscription... I hope you will keep on printing such a wonderful magazine many more years to come. Once again, thank you for making so many boys and girls like myself very happy.

Susan W.  
La Grange, Illinois

*Thanks to you, Susan, and to all of you boys and girls for your fine, encouraging letters.*

—The Editor.

In the issue for Volume IV, No. 1 in the story of Elfego Baca it

said he was the man who couldn't be killed. How did he finally die?

Rosie A.  
Spokane, Washington

*Elfego Baca died of natural causes in Albuquerque, New Mexico, on August 27, 1945. He was 80 years old and had been in poor health for some time.*

—The Editor.

Is the boy who played Rusty in the TV show "Rusty and the Falcon" the same one who played Steady in the "Annette" serial? I think he is real good.

Mary Lee S.  
Perth Amboy, N.J.



Rudy Lee (shown above with Judy Nugent, who played Jet in the "Annette" serial) appeared as Rusty in "Rusty and the Falcon" and as Steady Ware in "Annette."

—The Editor.



In the photo above, of Annette and Tim Considine, Annette is wearing the dress Cheryl wants to have copied. It is made of red taffeta. The ribbon trimming the dress is velvet, the same color red as the dress (it photographs slightly darker because of its texture). With this dress, Annette wears black suede pumps with tiny heels and a black velvet coat.

—The Editor



# HERE'S A CONTEST WHERE EVERYBODY WINS!

It's our sensational, new Record Contest, and

**EVERYONE WHO ENTERS GETS  
AT LEAST ONE DISNEY RECORD FREE!**

You can collect up to 10 records

in this fabulous contest

**AND** You may qualify for one of the big, big prizes.

First prize is a trip for two to Disneyland. You'll tour Walt Disney's Magic Kingdom, watch movie-making at the world-famous Disney Studio, stay in the luxurious Disneyland Hotel.

There are FOUR second prizes: Disney record albums of your choice with a value of \$50. And TEN third prizes, each consisting of Disney recordings worth \$25.

**BUT REMEMBER—EVERYONE WHO ENTERS WILL RECEIVE AT LEAST ONE PRIZE.**

**HERE'S WHAT YOU DO TO ENTER—**

1. Persuade your friends to purchase their subscriptions to Walt Disney's Magazine **through you**. Print the names and addresses of the new subscribers clearly and send, with \$2.50 for each name, to:

**Record Contest: WALT DISNEY'S MAGAZINE  
500 S. Buena Vista Street, Burbank, California.**

Checks or money orders should be made out to Walt Disney's Magazine. **Do not send cash.**

2. Sign your entry with your name and address, and include the subscription number from your magazine wrapper, or the name of the store at which you purchased your copy of Walt Disney's Magazine.
3. **FOR EACH SUBSCRIPTION YOU SEND IN, YOU GET A RECORD FREE** (up to 10 subscriptions), so make sure you indicate on your entry the number of the record or records you wish to have.

This contest ends on June 30, 1959. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight of that date. Winners will be announced in an early issue of Walt Disney's Magazine. This contest is open to all readers of Walt Disney's Magazine in the United States and Canada, except employees of Walt Disney Productions and of Western Printing and Lithographing Company, and their families. This contest is subject to all Federal, state and local regulations.



Recordings available for you are:

- F-113 The Nine Lives of Elfege Baca / Texas John Slaughter
- F-102 How Will I Know My Love? / Don't Jump to Conclusions — with Annette
- F-105 Zorro / Meetin' at the Malt Shop
- F-330 Porcupine / Loddy Diddy Doo — with Darlene Gillespie
- DBR-64 Mouskemusicals — with Darlene Gillespie
- DBR-82 Songs from Walt Disney's TV Series
- DBR-59 Corky and White Shadow
- DBR-58 The Triple-R Song — with Tim Considine
- DEP-4001A Song of the South—Four songs from the motion picture
- DBR-78 Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs—Four songs from the motion picture

When you have sold 10 subscriptions, and qualified for 10 Disney records, **DON'T STOP THERE!**

You may be in line for one of the grand prizes. If you sell the greatest number of subscriptions, you'll win **first prize**, a trip to Disneyland for yourself and one other person.

If you sell the second, third, fourth or fifth greatest number of subscriptions, you'll have \$50 worth of Disney record albums of your choice, and if you are among the next ten, you will receive \$25 worth of Disney recordings of your choice.





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A GIANT 28 x 40 inch WALL MAP of the U.S., especially prepared for the American Geographical Society, with all the important cities, rivers, mountains and other landmarks clearly shown. (This map is suitable for framing or mounting in a child's room.)

IN ADDITION, IF YOU DECIDE TO CONTINUE, you will receive as a FREE Bonus, a handsome red, white and blue pull-drawer library case to store and protect your album.



FROM THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE to the snow-capped mountains and sun-drenched deserts, you "tour" every scenic and historic landmark of California!



A HANDFUL OF SPANISH PADRES founded this lovely mission in 1769. Within these thick adobe walls you lose yourself in the cool quiet of the 18th century. Modern California, too, is a center of religious interest. Here, in the hushed dawn of Easter Sunday, thousands of people from all over the United States gather for Sunrise Service in the Hollywood Bowl.



HUGE HARVESTS thrive in California from plants that "emigrated" from the corners of the world—grapes, originally from the Mediterranean, grapes from France, dates from Arabia. The American Geographical Society's program takes you "behind the scenes" of this fabulous empire.



THE MOST SPECTACULAR SCENERY in all America is in California! The nation's highest spot (Mt. Whitney) and the lowest (Death Valley) are there...as well as the world's oldest, largest living things, the awesome Giant Sequoias.



THE FABULOUS TOURNAIMENT OF ROSES...thrilling rodeos...the wonders of Disneyland...the bright lights of Hollywood—all the sights and scenery of this "millionaires' playground" are on your itinerary when you "travel" with the "Know Your America" Program.



THE EXCITING CHINATOWNS of San Francisco and Los Angeles are the largest Chinese neighborhoods outside the Orient. Beyond beautiful "pagoda" gates like this one, you find a strange and exotic world. You can still hear the clash of temple bells...watch centuries-old dances...and sample such unique delicacies as candied ginger, shark's fin, birds-nest soup!

**An exciting new way to discover the SCENIC WONDERS...HISTORY...  
INDUSTRIES...and PLEASURES of LIVING in the world's most thrilling country!**



THESE COLORFUL "KATCHI-NAS", made by the Hopi Indians, represent such spirits as health, happiness and good crops. The dolls are used to instruct Hopi children in their tribal religion—in fact, they are the text-books of a people who had no written language!

YOU ARE INVITED to join the thousands of American boys and girls now enjoying the American Geographical Society's delightful new "Know Your America" Program.

And to introduce you to this exciting new educational program, the Society will send you the big Gift Package shown above...for only 10¢. This \$3.00 value package, featuring an exciting tour of California, is yours for a dime—without obligation. But you must request it before the supply is exhausted.

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of-the-way places...develop fresh understanding of the customs and traditions of our people.

Here is how this new educational program works: Once each month the Society issues a colorful, informative album containing a 7500-word picture-text on some aspect of America, especially written by an expert in the field. With each album you also receive a magnificent set of about 30 full-color photo-prints, gummed and perforated to be mounted right into the album—thus enabling you and your family to gain full knowledge of the subject covered, and at the same time have a lot of fun!

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To acquaint yourself with this new program—simply accept the \$3.00 demonstration set for only ten cents. There is no obligation. If, however, you are delighted with your trial package and do wish to continue with the program for a while, you pay only \$1.00 for each monthly tour thereafter. Quantities are limited. Mail the coupon today to The American Geographical Society's Know Your America Program, Department 9-WD-4, Garden City, N.Y.

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**Know Your America Program  
Dept. 9-WD-4, Garden City, N.Y.**

I enclose ten cents. Please send me at once my introductory package consisting of (1) the informative album "California", (2) twenty-nine full-color reproductions to mount in the album, and (3) a giant 28 x 40 inch Wall Map of the U.S.

After examining my introductory package, I will notify you if I do not wish to continue with the Program. Otherwise, I understand you will send me a new Know Your America album complete with a set of color prints each month for only \$1 plus shipping. I am not obligated to take any minimum number of albums and I may cancel my subscription at any time I wish.

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K-12